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# Country Life

On Sale Friday

NOVEMBER 14, 1941

ONE SHILLING & THREEPENCE



COUNTRY PEACE: BUCKLAND-IN-THE-MOOR

Will F. Taylor

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# Country Life

VOL. XC. No. 2339.

NOVEMBER 14, 1941.

Published Friday, Price ONE SHILLING & THREEPENCE.

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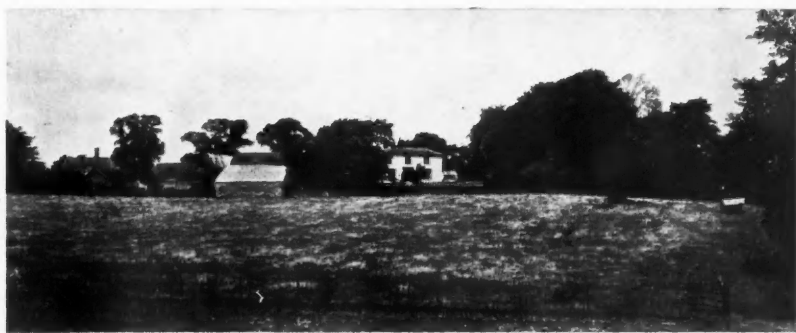
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On a lovely reach of the river with frontage.



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### ABOUT 4 ACRES

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Occupying a nice situation about 300ft. up with beautiful views.

THE BRICK AND SLATED RESIDENCE IS APPROACHED BY A DRIVE OF ABOUT A QUARTER-OF-A-MILE IN LENGTH WITH A LODGE (4 rooms) AT ENTRANCE

The accommodation, which is all on two floors, comprises hall, 3 reception rooms, winter garden, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

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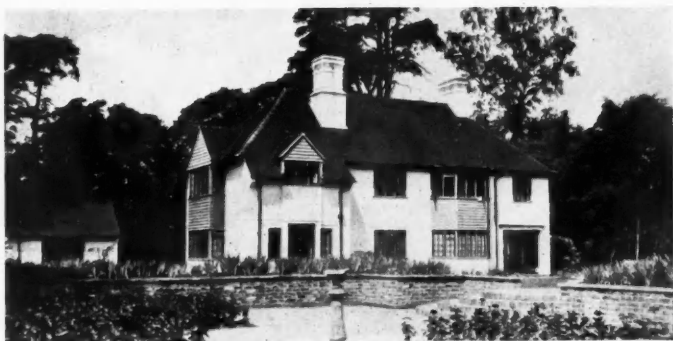
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**£5,000**

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*Between Guildford and Horsham.*



**FASCINATING XVTH CENTURY HOUSE** in lovely rural country. In splendid order, with electric light, central heating, etc. 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. **MOST CHARMING GARDENS OF 3 ACRES WITH HARD COURT.**

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A PARTICULARLY ATTRACTIVE PROPERTY IN A LOVELY UNSPOILT DISTRICT

### ONLY 20 MILES FROM LONDON

*Close to miles of commonlands, 2 miles golf, 2½ miles station.*

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With well-proportioned rooms. Central heating. Main water and electricity. Oak panelling.

4 reception, 3 bathrooms, 11 bedrooms.

GARAGES. EXCELLENT STABLING. 3 COTTAGES.

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Hard and grass tennis courts, rock garden, kitchen garden, paddock and pasture.

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**WOULD DIVIDE, OR WOULD LET RESIDENCE FURNISHED**

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**BUCKS £3,650**

LOVELY POSITION, 700 FEET UP. MILE FROM HIGH WYCOMBE.

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Billiard room, 2 reception, cloakroom, 6/7 bedrooms. Main services. Telephone. Garages for 3.

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**CENTURY.** One of the most perfect examples. Modernised, and equipped with every convenience, and run with a minimum of labour. 3 charming reception rooms. Oak panelling and wide open fireplaces. 6 bedrooms, 3 baths. Main services. Central heating. Garage. Stabling. Lovely gardens. Ornamental water. Paddock.

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FINE SITUATION AND BEAUTIFUL VIEWS.

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**120 ACRES.**

INCLUDING 45 WOOD AND MEADOWS LET.

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GARAGE FOR 3-4.

STABLING FOR 4.

CO.'S WATER. OWN ELECTRICITY.

CHAUFFEUR'S FLAT ALSO A BUNGALOW.

7½ ACRES. GARDENS, ORCHARD, PADDOCKS.



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SITUATED IN BEST PART OF HOVE IN WALLED GARDEN OF OVER TWO ACRES.

### WELL-BUILT MODERN HOUSE (1938)

Large hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, servants' hall, 9 bedrooms, dressing room, 3 bathrooms, 2 stairs, central heating.

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*Within 1 mile of Brighton and Hove Stations.*

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IN THE CENTRE OF THE CATTISTOCK HUNT AND CONVENIENT FOR THE BLACKMORE VALE

#### CHARMING OLD TUDOR RESIDENCE PARTLY REBUILT AND MODERNISED

SUPERIOR HUNTER STABLING. 9 MODERN LOOSE BOXES AND 6 STALLS. HEATED GARAGES. OUTBUILDINGS. MEN'S ROOMS AND STABLE YARD.  
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**VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.**  
*Charming situation. South aspect. Excellent order.*

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**OLD COTSWOLD STONE-BUILT HOUSE.**

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Comprising 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bath room. Garage for 3. Stabling.

AMPLE OUTBUILDINGS.

ATTRACTIVE GARDENS WITH TENNIS COURT.

IN ALL ABOUT

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OCCUPYING AN EXCEPTIONALLY CHOICE POSITION WELL SECLUDED BUT NOT ISOLATED.

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Comprising 4 reception, 13 bedrooms, 5 bath rooms. GARAGE FOR 4 CARS WITH LARGE FLAT OVER.

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SUBSTANTIALLY BUILT OF BRICK WITH SLATED ROOF.

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In a pretty village within a few miles from Yeovil.

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BUILT OF STONE AND HAVING DUE SOUTH ASPECT.

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In one of the prettiest parts of the county, commanding magnificent views.

A PEACEFUL DISTRICT IMMUNE FROM AIR RAID SIRENS.

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Containing

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WITHIN A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE VILLAGE OF LYNDEHURST.

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having southern aspect and in good condition throughout.

9 PRINCIPAL AND SECONDARY BEDROOMS (having running water in 3 bedrooms).

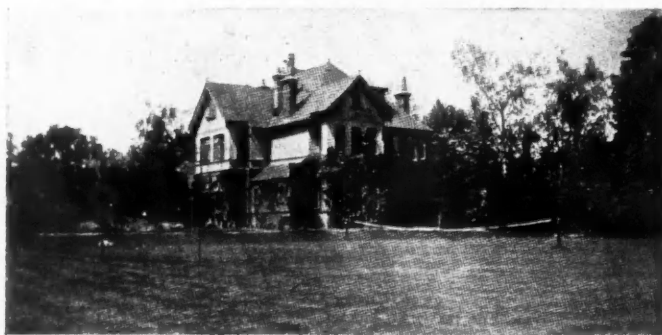
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**1 ACRE**

**PRICE £4,200 FREEHOLD**

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COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS OVER THE RIVER TORRIDGE AND OCCUPYING A PLEASANT POSITION ABOUT 300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

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1½ MILES OF FISHING FROM ONE BANK OF THE RIVER TORRIDGE, THE WELL-KNOWN SALMON AND TROUT RIVER.

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It contains: sitting hall, 3 reception rooms, 6-7 bedrooms, most with basins and fitted cupboards, 2 bathrooms, heated linen cupboard. Cloakroom. Up-to-date offices with servants' sitting room.

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Beautiful period interior. Completely restored at great cost. Luxuriously fitted. 2 handsome reception, 5 bedrooms (all with h. and c.), 4 bathrooms. Main electricity power, water. Central heating.

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WITH CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT. FITTED WASH BASINS IN BEDROOMS AND ALL MAIN SERVICES CONNECTED

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**TUNBRIDGE WELLS 8 MILES**

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**A HOME OF ARTISTRY AND CHARM**  
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Main water. Electric light. Central heating. Fitted basins.  
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FINE POSITION ON HIGH GROUND, COMMANDING VIEWS OVER UNDULATING AND UNSPOILT COUNTRY.

4 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms.  
Garage. Electric light. Central heating and modern conveniences.  
SHADY PLEASURE GARDENS AND GROUNDS, WITH HARD TENNIS COURT, KITCHEN GARDEN, MEADOWLAND  
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Central heating, electric light, etc.

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Hall, 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms.

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**IN ALL ABOUT 1 ACRE**

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*Occupying a quiet position in the quaint and historical County Town.*



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simple to fit, easy to operate by man or woman. Price from £15 per set. In or out of action in a few minutes.

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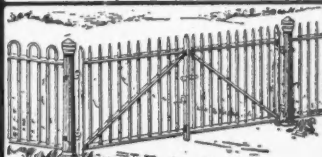
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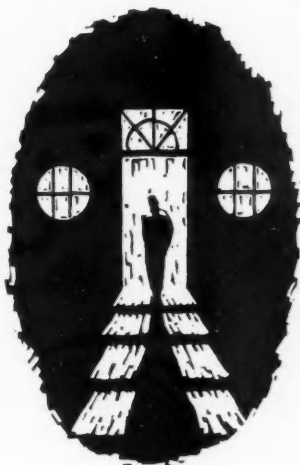
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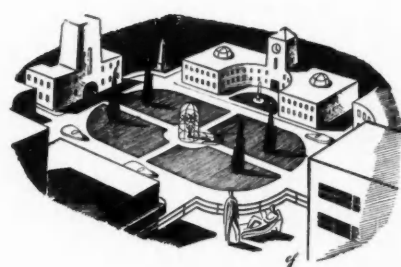
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## THE TOWN OF THE FUTURE



■ There can be no doubt that our future towns will be as different from those we knew before the war as a radiogram is different from our first crystal set. And just as our admiration for the elegance and the greater efficiency of the modern does not in any way impair our affection for the old-fashioned, so we need have no regrets when we come to live in the town of the future.

Towns and cities damaged by the war are already considering their rebuilding plans. Residential districts, we are told, will be designed on the garden city principle of villas or semi-detached houses each with its own garden; or ten-storey blocks of flats surrounded by communal lawns, flower walks and rose arbours. It is gratifying to note that experts are planning for a 'green and pleasant land'

with plenty of space, light and fresh air. In the past, towns and cities have straggled and sprawled, capturing parts of the countryside with the same inevitable disappointment as the caging of a wild bird. The town of the future will be erect and compact, with the trees, the grass and the flowers of the countryside brought to its front doors. Schools and playgrounds for the children will be included as an integral part of the communal plan. These will be so positioned that children will not have to cross main roads on their way to school. The Shopping Centre, in view of its supreme importance to housewives,

will receive very special attention. Architects, remembering the British climate, will develop the arcade principle for greater all-the-year-round convenience, specially appreciated on wet shopping days.

Ancient buildings will be restored and records and relics of a glorious past preserved. The town of the future will retain its cherished character, its unique individuality and its historical associations, yet it will sparkle and shine in its new pride.

New buildings, new services, new homes, rising up from the ruins of the old, will make for happier family life in Britain after the war. The better environment will invite us to make the most of our longer leisure and will encourage us to seek new interests within the pleasant, comfortable and healthy precincts of our new homes.

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# COUNTRY LIFE

NOVEMBER 14, 1941



*Harlip*

## THE HON. NANCY EDEN

Miss Eden is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Henley, of Watford Court, Rugby; her marriage to Mr. Edmund Wynne, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Wynne, of 18, Rolleston Road, Burton-on-Trent, is to take place next week.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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## TURN OUT YOUR PAPER!

**T**HERE is now no paper unwanted. That is the message which Lord Beaverbrook brought back with him from Moscow; and it is one which we propose to elaborate to-day. Ever since COUNTRY LIFE was first published, its editorial pages have been devoted to comment on a variety of current affairs—all the sort of thing which those who love this country keep constantly in mind. To-day we make an unusual departure, and are expending the whole of the space available to us on a single topic—the vital need to turn every scrap of unwanted paper to military use. Our readers may ask why we do so. First and foremost, these are times so completely outside past experience and comprehension that departures from the normal must everywhere occur. The national interest and the interests of our friends and allies must be paramount to-day, and relatively minor matters must take minor place. Here we, in company with other journals, have the opportunity to make as clear and plain as the English language will make it a lesson which has, as yet, been only imperfectly learned.

A "Save Paper" movement has, as we all know, been in progress—very halting progress, for the most part—ever since the war began. The reason for the slow motion is not hard to discover. Everybody knows that new paper, generally speaking, is made from either imported wood-pulp or by re-pulping stocks of paper already used. We can all see that the more re-pulping is done the less the need for sea-borne pulp. The least intelligent can appreciate some differences that this makes to war efficiency. But most of us have been thinking of the difference in peacetime terms. The national machinery of life, we said to ourselves, could not be carried on, nor could the national morale be maintained, without correspondence, without newspapers and books, without the millions of printed forms with which Government departments must needs deluge us to-day. What most of us did not know was the existence of very many military uses for which the greatest possible production of paper is urgently, and indeed instantly, required. Think of some of the things into which, as the result of modern developments, a ton of paper can be turned. Did you know that a ton would supply 1,800 shell containers? Or 9,000 shell-fuse components? Or 11,000 mine assemblies or 71,000 dust-covers for aero engines, or 7,000 boxes for aero-cannon shells? All this puts a new complexion on affairs. What of the shipping at present employed in bringing all these accessories and requirements across the Atlantic? Can we not release most of it by manufacturing much more of these things at home?

For the purposes of providing the necessary raw material what are the resources on which the Government can rely? The answer is comparatively easy. Think of everything lying about which is either completely useless or which you are only keeping because you have a vague idea that some time or other you may want to refer to it, or that it "may come in handy" for an unspecified purpose, and you have laid your hands on a large supply of exactly what the Government wants. Lord Beaverbrook's present appeal on behalf of the Ministry of Supply is first for an immediate turn-out. Every housewife knows what that means, and has probably been thinking of it for many years. She knows where to find hoards of papers, some of them a constant nuisance to her, and some almost completely forgotten, which will take a very short time to mobilise as war material. Cellars and offices can be ransacked, and many a sigh of relief will accompany the safe removal of their contents. Here are some of the things that she may find: all sorts of publications long out of date; books that have long

lost any interest or value they once had; obsolete school text books, price lists, catalogues and time-tables. There is no end to what can easily be dispensed with. And what applies to the house applies almost equally to the office. How many business houses and industrial establishments are littered or stacked with old correspondence and out-of-date files and records? Rooms are often lined with obsolete *Who's Whos* and other standard books of reference. Why keep them?

Immediately the great emergency turn-out is over the question will arise of preventing the old hoards from recurring and by so doing giving the Ministry of Supply a steady ration of current paper that has automatically become waste. For this we need a properly organised system of collection which has not yet completely materialised. Many murmurs have already arisen from those who have done all they were asked, but cannot get their surplus paper to the pulping stations. Local councils are heavily engaged in other work and some have been remiss. Boy Scouts and other organisations are doing their bit, but a great deal more efficient co-operation is needed between local authorities, paper merchants, voluntary collectors and those who have paper to dispose of. The private citizen can be of substantial help at the moment. He can urge his local authority to action. If he has a quantity of waste, say five to ten hundredweight or more, he can get into touch with the local waste-paper merchant who will pay market prices; and he can make sure that his stocks of waste paper are properly bundled and in the condition in which the paper mills require them. They must not be dirty or damp, and, if possible, newsprint should be sorted from cardboard and brown paper. As for the fear that private documents will be read by others, elaborate precautions are being taken to prevent them falling into unauthorised hands.

It will of course be said, and with some show of reason, that private householders, business men and voluntary collectors cannot be expected to put their hearts into the work so long as they see unnecessary use of paper going on on every side. The multiplicity of unnecessary Government forms is notorious. So is the zest for publishing totally useless sheaves of explanation and propaganda intended primarily to defend or advertise this or that Ministry rather than to be of real help to the citizen. To turn to a different department of life, all women know how much paper could be saved by the intelligent use of a shopping basket instead of dozens of parcels and brown-paper bags. There are scores of other instances of flagrant waste. Mr. E. H. Keeling pointed out the other day that before the war it was estimated that every year 100,000 tons of paper and cardboard were littered about the streets and a million pounds spent by local authorities in collecting it. The figures may be smaller now, but they are still enormous. It is of the utmost importance that such waste should be stopped.

Whether the individual makes his contribution by saving paper or by salvaging it, or by both together, it is essential that he shall get rid of the attitude of mind which regards paper of all sorts as of no particular value and certainly of no importance. As we said at the beginning of this article, it is no longer a question of putting up without a few conveniences and luxuries because the uses of paper must be curtailed. It is not merely a question of cutting down one's correspondence, of buying fewer books and generally being thrifty in the purchase of paper. Paper has now a large number of direct military uses which we cannot possibly afford to ignore. When Lord Beaverbrook returned from Moscow he said that it would be wrong to conceal from us the fact that the burden of production imposed by our promises to our Allies was very great indeed. "We have promised to the fullest extent," he said, "and we have given more than some persons may approve." "I say this to the workpeople," he went on, "that, when we promised tanks and aircraft to Russia, the job does not end there. There are all the accessories that must go with them. When we send tanks and aircraft we must send them properly equipped and ready to fight. We need the complete co-operation of every factory in the country." Among the raw materials for those accessories is paper, and we shall be letting down our own workpeople, as well as our Allies, if we do not supply them with every scrap of unnecessary paper that we can get together.

One final word. If you have any advice, suggestions or complaint to make about the collection of waste paper, write to COUNTRY LIFE, marking your envelope "Waste." Although in the interests of paper economy a direct reply must not be expected, we will see that every complaint is brought to the notice of the Ministry of Supply.





H. J. Squires

WHITE WALLS AND THATCH BESIDE THE SEA AT HOPE COVE, SOUTH DEVON

## A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

**M**AKING the fullest allowances for the fact that there are not very many organised shooting parties this year, there is nevertheless a very small amount of game displayed in the game-dealers' shops. In fact, so far as this part of the world is concerned I have not seen a partridge, grouse, pheasant or duck hung up on the hooks since the season started, and in normal times at this period of the year it is sometimes difficult to get into our fishmonger's shop for hanging game.

One can understand that hares are not particularly plentiful, and this season there are only wild pheasants, but the partridges are more numerous than they have been for many years. Grouse, it is understood, were up to average; duck migrate war or no war; and shooting is going on wherever there is anything to shoot and guns can be collected. The mystery is: where is the game going, for the guns themselves cannot eat all they shoot even if some of them are in the tyro class. Is there a game black market, and if so who are the black marketeers and who is eating the game?

**T**HE topic of shooting and tyro guns recalls the story of the late Mr. Charles Radclyffe of Hyde, Wareham, and his albino pheasant. This old squire, who had a very uncompromising manner with bad or greedy shots, had incidentally a weak spot for anything of the albino nature, and could get quite excited about a white blackbird on his estate or even a white buck among the fallow deer in his park. In a certain wood there was a white cock pheasant, and just before a beat started there at one of the big autumn shoots Mr. Radclyffe harangued the guns.

"There's a white cock pheasant in this wood," he said threateningly, "and if anyone kills that bird he need not expect to be invited to shoot at Hyde again in my lifetime." And then the beat started.

Mr. Radclyffe was at the extreme right of the line, and the western November sun was all wrong for him as almost every high bird that broke from the wood flew down the pathway of light. He was, however, a particularly quick and reliable pheasant shot, and despite

the disadvantage was doing far better than might have been expected. Then, just after he had dropped a bird to his right, an exceedingly difficult rocket shot up into the eye of the sun to crumple up with folded wings as the old gentleman swung round to the opposite point of the compass.

"Not too bad that for an old 'un," he muttered to his loader.

"No, not so bad, zur," was the reply, "but *you* won't be able to shoot at Hyde no more, zur, for that was your old white pheasant. Dead as a doornail."

**A**NOTHER amusing story concerning this old sportsman of the '90's deals with trout fishing. Through his estate runs one of the most delightful of our southern chalk streams, and permission to fish these well-stocked waters was given freely to his many friends and acquaintances—a delightful tradition that has been carried on by his heir and successor. There was, however, one rule that must be obeyed, and that was that the stretch of water running past the lawn was on no account to be fished. This was the sanctuary of various well-fed confiding monsters, and Charlie Radclyffe in the evenings used to sit under the big spreading tree on the lawn and watch all his old friends rising: Alfred who fed at the end of a long stretch of ranunculus weed, Henry who had his stance 2ins. from the camp-shedding and never missed a passing fly, William who used to cruise about a shallow doing what we call nymphing to-day, and various other celebrities.

One day a certain major from a regiment under canvas in the neighbourhood came to fish, and was told the conditions: three miles of water where you like and where you fancy, an 11in. limit, not more than four brace to be retained, and the water off the lawn to be sacrosanct. This particular major was a very fine fisherman, and during the course of the day he discovered that he could, while standing outside the limit, just put a long and very difficult cast over one of the monsters off the lawn. Eventually he achieved it, caught his fish which weighed 2¾lb., and on departure left it with the butler at the house.

That evening Charlie Radclyffe went down to his seat under the tree to watch his old friends as usual, but though all the others were rising steadily there was no sign of Henry. He was not taking as usual, and his stance by the camp-shedding was unoccupied.

"It's a funny thing about old Henry," said Mr. Radclyffe to himself. "A nice hatch of pale olives and not a sign of him. I wonder where on earth the old chap's got to."

When he returned to the house the butler produced the trout that the long-casting but unscrupulous Major had caught, and the mystery was explained. Some weeks later the Major received from Rowland Ward his fish set up in a glass case with the inscription: "Presented to Major — on the first and last occasion he fished the Hyde water."

**S**OME time ago I read with great interest Mr. Skues's book on nymph fishing, but I cannot refer to it now as I lent it to a friend and we have both forgotten. He has forgotten he borrowed it, and I have forgotten his name. Nymph fishing, so far as I can see, is merely a form of wet-fly fishing that quite a number of dry-fly men have been practising for a good many years now, having learnt from experience that in certain stretches of water the trout are extremely suspicious of a floating fly however well it may be cast.

I have been doing nymph fishing for some four years on one reach of a trout river, but I do not call it nymph fishing as I do not use specially tied flies, but at the same time I do not call it wet-fly fishing. All I do is to select a lightly tied fly resembling the insect on the water, damp it well so that there is no risk of its floating, and send it on its journey up-stream over a feeding fish. The river in this part is a broad still stretch, held back by a weir, with large weed patches all over it and just the merest trace of stream in the runnels between the weeds. It is full of large trout, but for some 60 years now floating flies have been put over them, and they have made up their minds that they do not like them. Except during the early part of the spring and at the night rise, when dusk turns to dark and one cannot land a fish by reason of the thick banks of weeds, they

will not look at a dry fly. In fact a well cocked floating fly sends them panicking all over the water with surges and bulges that suggest that someone has hurled a rock at them. Put the same fly over them, taking great care that it does not float for even a fraction of a second, and instead of the bulge going away from the lure it will frequently come towards it with the most satisfactory results.

THIS raises the question of what is and what is not legitimate dry-fly fishing, and an ultra-purist of my acquaintance to whom I explained my method regards me in the same light as a man who shoots foxes and

cashes stumer cheques at his club. If one drew a hard and fast rule like this, one would have to return every trout caught on a dry fly that has sunk inadvertently, and on a damp misty evening this occurs quite frequently—much too frequently.

Some people take a far more broad-minded view and hold that wet-fly fishing is using two or more lures down-stream, fishing the water and not the rise. For them any attempt to catch a rising trout with a single fly comes within the category of dry-fly fishing whether the lure happens to be floating or not. One cannot make the hard and fast rule that it must be up-stream, as even the purist, when

the situation permits of no other method owing to trees or other obstructions, will send his dry fly down-stream with a reserve loop of gut on the water to prevent a drag, and when this very difficult operation comes off successfully regards it rather as a feather in his cap.

SOME 60 or 70 years ago when dry-fly fishing was first invented it was a most killing method as no trout suspected anything evil about a floating insect, though they were well acquainted with the sunken lures that had been put over them since the days of Izaak Walton. Now the boot is on the other foot—which is a poor metaphor to use with either fish or flies.

### THE WOBURN ABBEY ANIMALS—III

## CHARTLEY CATTLE AND PRZEWALSKI'S HORSES

Written and Illustrated by  
**FRANCES PITT**

"WILD WHITE" cattle were formerly kept in various parks in many parts of Britain, those of Chartley and Chillingham being especially famous herds. These cattle, though by no means uniform as regards size and character, agreed in being white with dark points; that is, they had dark ears, feet, noses and horn-tips. Most of them were flecked with dark specks on the legs.

It was at one time believed that these park herds were the direct descendants of the gigantic primitive ox, *Bos primigenius*, that formerly roamed Europe. Later opinion, however, gives them a more domestic ancestry. It is thought that during the troubled times of our early Norman kings, when cattle-raiding was quite a gentlemanly pursuit, especially on the Welsh marches and on the Border, considerable numbers of beasts got away into the woods, but when the King granted many of his barons the right to enclose a park they did not neglect to drive within its fence many of these feral cattle, as well as deer.

This theory of the origin of our British Park cattle seems a good one, but it does not account for the similarity of colouring in widely separated herds. It is also noteworthy that this very striking coat pattern is found in the cattle of such far-apart countries as Norway, Sweden, Italy, Hungary and so on. This would seem to point to a common derivation for cattle so different as the great long-horned draught beasts of south-eastern Europe, the hornless milk-producing breed of Sweden and the so-called wild cattle of England, but of course it does not follow that they owe their colour to the great aurochs mentioned by Cæsar.

Apart from the question of ancestry the



CHARTLEY COWS—PRODUCED BY A CROSS BETWEEN SURVIVORS OF THE CHARTLEY HERD AND THE OLD LONG-HORN BREED

Note the distinctive colouring—dark ears, feet, noses and horn-tips

colouring of Park cattle is interesting in itself, for it is undoubtedly an example of what students of genetics term dominant white. Recessive white is well known—as a rule the albino is an example of it—but white that carries a dark factor or factors is not so common. However, it is not unusual for pure-bred "Wild White" cattle to produce a dark calf or two.

But what, the reader may well ask, has all this about the history and genetics of Park cattle got to do with the Duke of Bedford's

collection of animals at Woburn Abbey? It has in fact a good deal to do with his cattle, being a necessary introduction to and an explanation of the importance of his Chartley herd, but a few more words about the history of the breed will be required before we turn to the Woburn animals.

In the course of time, as the great barons dwindled in power and wealth, so did their herds tend to dwindle and vanish, until few were left, and of the surviving herds only two



THE COWS, "JUDGED BY ANY STANDARD, ARE GRAND ONES" Their attractive heads and sweeping horns are much like those of the old Chartley cattle as pictured in Storer's classic book



MONARCH OF THE HERD

The cross revived the stamina and constitution of the cattle, while the Chartley type, colouring and character were retained





#### A BLACK CALF FROM THE WHITE STOCK

"The cows, even those with young calves by their sides, were good-natured and good-mannered"

or three remained in their primitive semi-wild state roaming with the deer in their original parks.

The time came when even such a famous herd as that at Chartley was not only much reduced but in danger of dispersal. The late Duke and Duchess of Bedford, with their un-failing interest in zoological matters, realised the importance of the cattle and in May, 1905, purchased the seven that remained, including one or two dark ones. Alas! misfortune dogged them; there was an accident to the train on which they were being brought to Woburn and several were killed. The Duke, realising that there was now no hope of saving the pure-bred stock, had to cross the few

survivors with the old Long-horn breed.

The experiment was a great success. The cross revived the stamina and constitution of the cattle, while the Chartley type, colouring and character were retained. Soon a fine herd was re-established, to be maintained as utility animals with excellent beef and milking qualities.

I was greatly impressed with the individuals I saw during my visits to Woburn. The cows, judged by any standard, were grand ones, and the stock bull was an impressive fellow. Their attractive heads and sweeping horns, between Long-horn and Hereford in type, were much like those of the old Chartley cattle as pictured in Storer's classic book, but

I venture to suppose that the cattle themselves are much improved. At any rate they are very different animals from the members of our most important "wild" herd, namely that at Chillingham Castle in Northumberland, but there the Chillingham cattle still live as uncontrolled as the deer, with which they share the great park.

The Woburn Park cattle are treated as domestic beasts. They are not wild, or savage, or even nervous. If I took no liberties with "the monarch of the herd," and photographed him from a respectful distance, this was but the precaution I should have observed with any bull to which I was a stranger. The cows, even those with young calves by their sides, were good-natured and good-mannered, and



#### UTILITY ANIMALS WITH EXCELLENT BEEF AND MILKING QUALITIES

The cattle are much improved from the old "wild" stock



#### THE RARE PRZEWALSKI'S HORSE, DESCENDED FROM FOALS IMPORTED FROM MONGOLIA

Their manes are naturally short, just as their tails are naturally somewhat like a donkey's

their little snow-white calves with black ears, noses and feet, were remarkably pretty. It was interesting to note a black calf among them, showing, as did the dark calves of old, that these "wild white" cattle carry factors for full pigmentation.

It was in a paddock next to the cows with calves that I saw two animals even more interesting than the Chartley cattle, namely a couple of small dun-coloured horses with what looked like hogged manes and carefully pulled tails. They were a mare and stallion of the Mongolian wild pony, otherwise known as Przewalski's horse.

Short-backed, strongly built, and with pronounced crests, they reminded one of the eel-marked dun ponies of Norway, but in this case the short mane is really hogged. The manes of these wild horses from the plains of Mongolia are naturally short, just as their tails are naturally of a somewhat donkey character, and owe nothing to art. Nevertheless scientists assure us they are really horses, the only true wild species of which we have knowledge, and not asses.

No one watching them could doubt their true horse character, as they stamped their feet, shook their heads and whisked their tails in a vain endeavour to keep at bay the worrying horde of flies brought out by the sun.

I enquired if any attempt had been made to handle or break in either of them, but I was assured that they were "handfuls" and too difficult to deal with. The mare was a four-year-old, but the stallion had reached the mature age of 12 years. I was told they were the descendants of foals imported from the Kobdo district of western Mongolia by the late Duke and Duchess of Bedford in 1907. These were caught young and brought over with tame Mongolian pony mares as foster-mothers.

The Duke of Bedford is anxious to keep the breed going, for it seems that Przewalski's horse has become very scarce in a wild state and there are sadly few in captivity. It is to be hoped that those at Woburn will not dwindle away. Certainly the sturdy animals before me were a picture to look upon and seemed the personification of health and good condition. They had shed their shaggy winter jackets and were in smooth summer coats. They were a yellow, almost chestnut, dun on their upper parts, fading to cream beneath. Their muzzles were pale cream, their tails, manes and feet were dark, and I was interested to note faint zebra bars on their legs, but I could not see any trace of shoulder striping, nor did I discern

any dorsal stripe, though a dark spinal line is said to be characteristic of the species. It would probably be more conspicuous in winter.

It was interesting to gaze upon this couple and to remember that the majority of zoologists believe that our domestic horses in their varying breeds, from the gigantic but slow Shire to the swift thoroughbred and the tiny Shetland pony, have been evolved from this or a similar type of primitive horse.

I brought my camera to bear upon the two and tried to secure some snapshots showing the characteristic points of the species, but flies were troublesome and the little horses were suspicious of a stranger with such a peculiar-looking thing as my camera, and it proved a

difficult job to get just what I wanted. The ponies snorted and trotted off, they wheeled about and galloped around, or stood at a respectful distance tossing their heads, whisking their tails and keeping a watchful eye upon me. They again made off, and I was able to watch their free movements and easy action which was that of a true horse. They were a joy to watch. It is much to be hoped that the Duke will be able to maintain the Woburn strain of Przewalski's horse, but it seems it is not a very free-breeding strain. If he can do so he will add yet further to the debt of gratitude as regards the preservation of rare and nearly exterminated wild mammals owed him by students of animal life.



#### "THE PERSONIFICATION OF HEALTH AND GOOD CONDITION"

Most zoologists believe that our domestic horses have been evolved from this or a similar type of primitive horse



# MUST WE LOSE OUR DIALECTS?

By DOREEN WALLACE

SOME years ago, after going down from Oxford with an honours degree in English language and literature, I set out to teach that subject in a State secondary school. I was at once confronted with a problem of great importance to any lover of English.

The children, boys and girls, in that school came largely by scholarship from the village schools round about, the fee-paying remainder being for the most part children of the shopkeepers in the small town, with a leavening from the professions. By inference, and speaking generally, the brightest children were the scholarship-holding offspring of agricultural workers from the countryside.

And they addressed me in a jargon which, a native of quite another part of the country, could not pretend to understand!

I soon began to make headway with it, and discovered that, apart from the unmusical intonation and the ugly glottal stop, the local dialect had considerable charm. The idioms were vivid, quaint and of great antiquity; the vowel-sounds had come down straight from Middle English without distortion. While Middle English vowel sounds cannot be expected to interest any but specialists, good idioms are part of the treasury of our speech and ought to interest many. But my task was manifestly to weed out those idioms before the children reached the school certificate and the search for a job.

This is a saddening thought. Those dialect-speakers who are bright enough to get scholarships go to secondary schools simply and solely in order to get better jobs than their fathers. Dad and Mum may talk their rich Coomerlan', Zummerzet or Suffolk on the farm as long as they live, but clever little Jack and Jill are aiming at being shop assistants, bank clerks, teachers, dentists, doctors; no door is closed, save perhaps the diplomatic, to those who can get county scholarships to the universities. Not even the least ambitious, the shop assistant, can be turned out into the job market with his dialect unpruned. It would never do if, on entering a shop to buy a hat, we were greeted with "And what come yow arter s'marnin' together?" instead of "What may I show you this morning, moddom?"

Don't ask me why it wouldn't do: personally I would much prefer it to "moddom" and all the rest of the accepted shop-ese. Ask the shopkeeper, the job provider, whether he prefers to employ the speaker of a strong and lively dialect—and here I would remark that dialect is not a mere mispronunciation of our common words; it is a language, with its own idioms—or the speaker of a limited and feeble standard English, and his reply will furnish one reason for the decay of our dialects.

I say a limited and feeble standard English because spoken English as used by public school people, who presumably set the standard, is limited and feeble. When we think that we might draw upon Shakespeare, Marlowe, Milton, Defoe, Fielding, Johnson, might strengthen our harmonies with Doughty and add grace-notes of wit from Wilde—well, are we not ashamed of having no more descriptive words of praise in our vocabularies than "awfully nice"? True, some of us can do a little better than that, but not in English; we rush to new or newish American catch-words, and describe a beautiful girl as "easy on the eye," an ingenious invention as "the cat's pyjamas," and Mr. Churchill's most telling phrases as "a bibful."

But I must confine this discussion to English, for the secondary school aspirant for a job will not help himself by speaking of cat's pyjamas or bibfuls. He had best limit his praise to "awfully nice." In words of condemnation, standard English as spoken by the public school product is admittedly somewhat richer, but only somewhat. All the words begin with B, and they aren't so very many after all. Nor are they helpful to the aspirant for a job.

I am sure that a conscientious examination by the average person of the number and character of the words he uses in everyday speech will force him to admit that standard spoken English is a poor thing compared to the picturesque and meaningful language of the older countryman, the countryman whom

education has touched but lightly, who seldom if ever goes to the cinema and to whom the B.B.C. tongue is a dialect which affords him tolerant amusement.

It is always said that the farm labourer has very few words at his command, but I doubt if they are fewer than those normally overworked by the young spark from the Stock Exchange: and those used by the labourer mean more. Further, he is not afraid to call upon his voice to help out his words; tone and pitch play a far greater part in the speech of the simple than in that of the gentle. Questions and exclamations are inflected until they almost become songs; joy and lamentation are joy and lamentation, not civil pretences.

The destruction of our dialects is not due to education alone, though as long as the higher education of the working-class is undertaken solely as a means to a black-coated and white-collared job it is bound to be the decisive factor.

But those children who do not reach secondary school, and the younger set of parents as well, are losing their dialects no less than the victims of higher education. Other influences are at work, of which the chief is the cinema. These people make no pretence of acquiring standard English, but they have thrust upon them a sort of standard gangster-ese. No person under 40 says anything but "Okay" to indicate assent. "Nerts," "Gertcher," "You Ain't Got Nuffn On Me"—these are the singularly shapeless and colourless flowers upon our sturdy thorn-bush of native speech.

It remains to be seen whether yet another influence lately come to the country will succeed in interpolating standard cockney. It is devoutly to be hoped that the dropped h will not add to the confusion and corruption of

ancient East Anglian speech; we have never dropped our h's yet, but the human instinct is to do everything with as little trouble as possible, so it seems likely that if we can make ourselves understood without the necessity of taking in and blowing out the breath to form an aspirate, aspirate-less we shall eventually become. Nor shall we trouble to say "hodmedod" if "snile" will do, "hoppin'-tood" when "frawg" is more general, or "tizzick" for the simpler "cawf." In some small ways (all making likewise for laziness) I can detect the converse influence; our little cockney visitors tend to give up conjugating their verbs, saying "I see" and "he see" for both present and past.

Some counties have dialect societies—more power to 'em—which do valuable work in recording local idiom. I say valuable because local idiom is more than a curiosity; it is a pointer to long past history.

I wish every county had its dialect society; but I do fear that such societies are on the way to becoming mere students of dead languages. For one thing, and inevitably, they consist largely of people who do not naturally use dialect; of scholars, antiquaries, gentry who love their native place, but not of farm-hands.

This in itself shows that dialect is matter for study rather than for use. The reasons I have already adduced. The time is coming when one will be able to recognise only the rounded u-sound of the north, the buzzed "s" of the west, and the glottal stop of the east as characteristic local speech. These used in the common standard English vocabulary are mispronunciations, not dialect; the idioms, with their appositeness, their quaintness and their revivifying of history, will have gone, and all will be awfully nice and perfectly okay.

## THE LEATS OF DEVON

By T. C. BRIDGES

With fresh streams refreest this town that first Tho' kist with waters, yet did pine with thirst.

PLYMOUTH is the town. The benefactor was Sir Francis Drake who, in or about 1590, constructed the leat which brought the water of the River Meavy into the town. This leat was a little channel not more than eight feet wide, which took out of the river below what is now Yelverton and curved along the hill sides for 25 miles, which is about three times the distance to Plymouth as a crow or a 'plane flies. Yet the work seems to have been done at a cost of only £200.

Drake's leat is now out of use, but the Devonport leats, which bring in the waters of the West Dart, the Cowsick and the Black Brook, are still in evidence. In 1793 Devonport obtained powers to bring water from Dartmoor, and the leats were cut early in the last century. The 17 miles to Dousland are still open and running and still full of trout, not all fingerlings either. I have had plenty of half-pounders.

These leats give evidence of clever engineering. The one that comes off the West Dart above Wistman's Wood is cut along the side of a hill so steep that, if you are fishing it, you need spiked or rubber-soled shoes in order to stand on the almost precipitous turf. The bank on the lower side is solid masonry. Even so, there are leaks which need constant attention. More than once I have seen the bank give in a big thunderstorm. Above Crockern Tor Farm you may see a great gully 20 feet deep scooped in the hill side where there was a burst and a tremendous rush of storm water. The Devonport leat runs through the Prison farm, under the Princetown road, curves below the garden of Tor Royal, then runs out past lonely Fox Tor Mire to Nun's Cross, where it enters a tunnel, the only tunnel I have ever seen in a leat.

By the original Act of Parliament it was stipulated that the leat should not exceed 10 feet in width. During most of its course its width is considerably less than that, and it is so shallow that one wonders how the trout find food and harbourage. In 1914 Plymouth, Stonehouse and Devonport amalgamated and

now all the water is carried underground from the big reservoir of Burra Tor.

Devon is the county of leats. There must be hundreds of miles of them. There are mine leats and mill leats, while many farm and country houses have their own private leats to supply them with water.

Without doubt leats first came into existence to supply the tin mines with water to work their wheels. There is a very old leat running from the upper waters of the East Dart which supplied the Golden Dagger Mine lying in the valley below the Warren Inn. This inn, said to be the highest South of Derbyshire, is famous for its peat fire, which, it is stated, has been burning for more than a century. Another leat takes water from the Swincombe by Fox Tor Mire to the Hexworthy mine, which, I think, was the last of the Devon tin mines to remain at work.

Many of the pottery works, which lie in the clay country between Chudleigh, Newton Abbot and Bovey Tracey, have their own leats.

The leat which supplies the big pottery at Bovey Tracey takes off from the Becky Brook below Manaton and runs through the pretty woods above Becky Falls. And here is one of the oddest optical illusions I have ever seen, for the road slopes upwards and the water in the leat which runs alongside the road, only a few feet below it, appears to be defying the law of gravity.

It is, of course, cheaper to cut a leat than to pipe water underground, but on the other hand a leat needs a deal of looking after. Besides the danger to the banks from heavy storms and floods, the chief trouble is snow. In the great snowstorms of the winter of 1917-18, the Devonport leats were completely blocked for miles. There was no labour to be found for clearing them, and had it not been for Burra Tor reservoir, Plymouth would have suffered a water famine. My house at Two Bridges was supplied by a pipe from the Devonport leat, and for a full fortnight we had to carry every drop of water from a spring in the newtake across the road.



# GEORGIAN CABINET-MAKERS

III—SOME LESSER-KNOWN MASTERS. By RALPH EDWARDS AND MARGARET JOURDAIN

IT is clear from their bills that some of the earlier makers were lavishly patronised by the Crown and by the owners of great houses; yet only a small fraction of their output survives. In the course of centuries furniture, at least of certain types, has proved more perishable than pictures. If a contemporary painter had produced works comparable in number to the pieces of furniture made by Gerreit Jensen, Thomas Roberts, or James Moore, he would be among the most familiar artists of the time. There is just enough of Jensen's at Windsor to allow us to judge that he was a craftsman of rare skill and individuality, while outside the Royal collections Moore's furniture can be definitely identified only in one remote country house; though a few scattered examples may be plausibly assigned to him. Benjamin Goodison affords another conspicuous instance of the disappearance of almost the whole of a large output. Between 1735 and 1760 he monopolised the Royal patronage for expensive furniture, besides being called in for innumerable repairs and alterations. He served George II and Frederick Prince of Wales (with whom the King was on notoriously bad terms), and the Prince when he died in 1752 was heavily in debt to Goodison. To Hallett, who was obviously regarded by Horace Walpole as the High Priest of the Gothic taste in furniture and was referred to in his own life-time as "the great and eminent cabinet-maker," only a single piece can be tentatively attributed.

Even more curious is the case of the once-famous firm of Seddon, concerning which a German novelist, Sophie von La Roche, has left in her Diary what is by far the fullest description extant of a cabinet-maker's business in the eighteenth century. This vast undertaking was carried on in Aldersgate Street, at "a house with six wings." We learn that 400 journeymen were employed, including in their ranks joiners, carvers, gilders, mirror-makers, upholsterers, workers in ormolu, and

locksmiths. Certainly no other cabinet-maker of the period is known to have owned a business on anything like such a scale: Chippendale's workshop with its "chests of 22 workmen," destroyed by fire in 1755, fades into insignificance. The diarist asserts that George Seddon was "for ever creating new forms," which implies that, besides being a cabinet-maker, he was also a designer: and though this assurance must be accepted with some reserve, there can be no doubt that the business was of the first importance. It is extraordinary that, while in 1786 the rooms of London House were filled with all kinds of furniture "from the simplest and cheapest to the most elegant and expensive," from all that great production only a few modest pieces can now be identified.

The proprietor of this great concern was George Seddon, a native of Lancashire, who was born in 1727. He appears to have set up business at London House, on the west side of Aldersgate Street, about the middle of the century. This town house of the Bishops of London had been re-built soon after the Restoration, and when it passed into Seddon's hands it was "a very large commodious brick building" with a spacious inner court and a great gate and porch facing on Aldersgate Street, "the façade being adorned by a row of nine columns." In 1768 a disastrous fire occurred, but the premises were soon re-built "on a plan convenient and elegant," and the original name was retained.

Other contemporary references to the premises of Georgian cabinet-makers are thriftily worded and omit all the details we should like to know; for example, Lady Shelburne—"to Mayhew and Ince where is some beautiful cabinetwork." Only Sophie von La Roche supplies anything like a full description. From her enthusiastic account it is possible to form an imaginary picture of Seddon's great emporium. Though primarily a cabinet-maker, Seddon employed a large number of workers in allied crafts, and upholstery—his staff included "a great many seamstresses"—played a large part in his trade, as it did in that of Chippendale before him. A reference to craftsmen "who mould the bronze into graceful patterns" shows that metal mounts were made on the premises, whereas a few years earlier they would probably have been obtained from Birmingham, where Matthew Boulton specialised in fine ormolu. In the



GEORGE SEDDON, 1727-1801

Carried on a vast undertaking in Aldersgate Street.  
(From the portrait in the Victoria and Albert Museum)

basement "mirrors were cast and cut." In another department was seat-furniture—chairs, sofas, and stools of every description and degree of elaboration "made of all varieties of wood." A large room was filled with all the finished productions in this line, while elsewhere were assembled cupboards and furniture fitted with drawers, writing-tables, secretaires, work and toilet tables "in all manner of woods and patterns from the simplest to the most elegant." Among the varieties specially noted are "charming dressing-tables with vase-shaped mirrors," which though of small size contain "all that is necessary to the toilet of any reasonable person." Elsewhere was displayed, as one might see in fashionable modern shops of the kind, a "scheme of a dining-room designed both for practical use and for ornament," where the writer was much taken with an elaborate fitted sideboard. Besides the furniture, there was a department for upholstery with carpets and hangings "in every possible material"; and here a great many seamstresses were engaged. Seddon also maintained his own saw-house, where his stocks of fine imported woods lay piled; and "the entire story of the wood, as used both for inexpensive and costly furniture, and the method of treating it can be traced in this establishment."

A personal call at a cabinet-maker's was the normal way of obtaining furniture, but at a time when a visit to the capital was looked upon as a serious undertaking, dwellers in remote districts would sometimes give their orders while on a visit to London and arrange for friends to see their instructions carried out. Thus in April, 1720, Simon Yorke, on behalf of his uncle John Meller, called on "Mr. Hunt," the maker of a splendid embroidered bed still in his state bed-chamber at Erthig in Denbighshire, and found that "the Bed as to their Worke hath been finished long since; but the Gilding and Carving is not ready nor will be until the latter end of next week." He asks whether Meller will decide to have the bed "sent by the Waggon on Monday seven night." At this time James Moore, the Royal cabinet-maker, was supplying Erthig with the gilt mirrors and side-tables now in the saloon, and the difficulties of transport must have been truly formidable, though the things were sent down "when there was no fear of damage by water on the roads."

For country houses, furniture was sometimes ordered by post without previous



MIRROR OF SILVERED GESSO CIRCA 1725  
By James Moore



#### THE STATE BEDROOM, ERTHIG, DENBIGHSHIRE

Furnished by Hunt and Moore. The splendid upholstered bed was completed by Hunt in 1720

inspection. On this practice and the consequent difficulties there are some interesting side-lights in the *Purefoy Letters*. Besides a chair-maker at Bicester, who supplied local squires, Mr. Purefoy also patronised two London makers. To Mr. Belchier at the Sun in St. Paul's Churchyard he writes in January, 1735: "You say you must have £3 11s. for a glasse in a golde frame three foot eleven inches and a half long by twenty-four inches, the middle glass to be thirty-one inches long. I do leave it to you if you must have so much. Do it at your leisure, but pray let ye glasse be true and you shall have your money so soon as I have ye glasse."

An overmantel mirror of these exact measurements is still at Shalstone. In July, 1749, he ordered from Belchier a table, apparently of a kind now known as an "artist's table," and when notifying him of its arrival writes "we can't open the Draw but do suppose it opens in the two slits down the legs. I desire you will let me have a line next post how to open and manage it, as also what it comes to that I may order you payment." A few days later he acknowledges the instructions and informs Belchier: "I have found the way of the Writing Table w<sup>ch</sup> stuck together thr' damp." The owner of Shalstone also obtained furniture

from Anthony Thomas Baxter at the Naked Boy in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. Early in 1735 his mother, Mrs. Purefoy, writes to ask him to send down by the Buckingham carrier some patterns for quilting, and, after receiving the patterns, her son writes on her behalf: "My mother would have one of the new fashioned low beds with 4 posts and quilt for the same, she will endeavour to learn how many yards will do." Baxter obviously did not supply upholstery himself, for in the next letter he is directed to inform Mrs. Purefoy "if you have any friend an upholsterer . . . what quantity he thinks it requires."



SILVERED TABLE, THE GLASS TOP BEARING THE MELLER ARMS. Supplied to Erthig by James Moore in 1726



MOORE'S SIGNATURE ON THE TOP OF A GILT GESSO STAND. The cypher is that of George I. Hampton Court Palace





THE HOUSE AND FORMAL GARDENS FROM THE SOUTH-WEST

## NUNEHAM COURTENAY, OXON.—II

### THE SEAT OF VISCOUNT HARCOURT

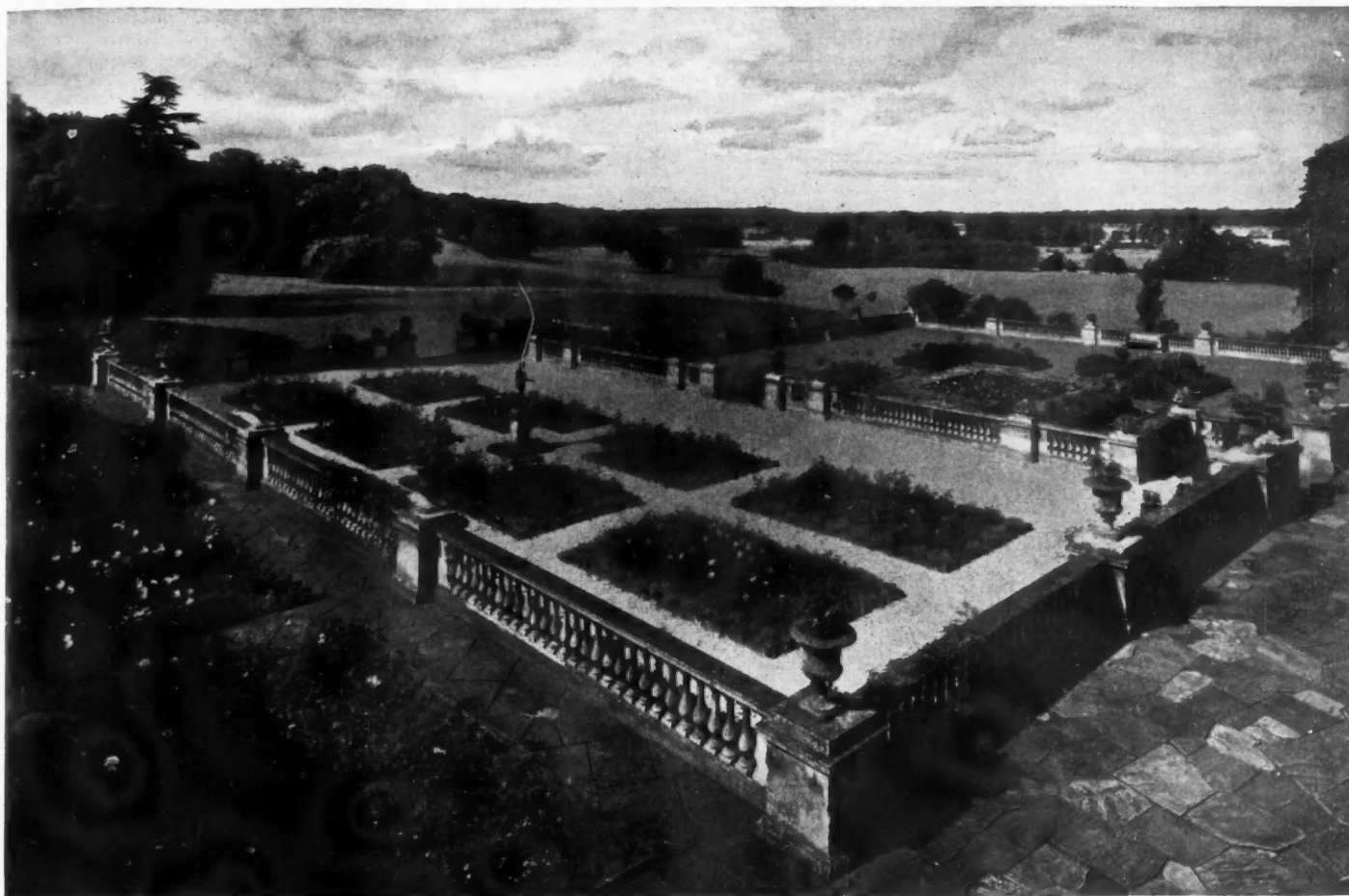
*A garden rich in beauty and interest, reflecting in its general lay-out—combining both the formal and natural—modern taste and tendencies in garden design and plant furnishing. A notable feature is the varied collection of shrubs and trees, many of them rare and uncommon, which flourish in a county by no means favoured in climate.*

ONE OF THE MIXED BORDERS OF HARDY FLOWERS IN HIGH SUMMER  
BELOW THE TERRACE

WHEN Sir William Harcourt, the veteran Liberal leader, died in 1904, Nuneham had been little lived in for over a decade. But his son Louis, created Viscount Harcourt in 1917, devoted the leisure of 20 years in the brief intervals of a strenuous political life to restoring the place to the beauty and reputation that it had enjoyed in Georgian times. In this he had the enthusiastic and sympathetic help of the present Dowager Viscountess Harcourt, a daughter of the late Mr. Walter Burns of New York and North Mymms Park. Lord Harcourt, himself a man of wide and cultivated taste, was First Commissioner of Works during 1905-10 and again from 1915-16, serving in the interval as Colonial Secretary. It was in the period 1904-22, during which Nuneham became famous for the distinguished house-parties assembled there, that the garden as we know it to-day took shape. The great formal terrace seen in one or two of the accompanying illustrations was built on the south front overlooking the amphitheatre of timbered parkland sweeping down to the Thames, and the picturesque old woodland and flower gardens stretching westward along the slope were schemed and planted.

Until the building of the terrace, the house sprang somewhat abruptly from the parkland, much as "Capability" Brown had left it and as shown in Sandby's water-colour illustrated last week. But from the first building of the house by the first Earl Harcourt in about 1760, a flower garden of kinds was apparently a notable—and at that time rather unusual—feature of the place. Horace Walpole, on his first visit in 1773, remarked about it, and in the previous year William Mason, poet of *The English Garden*, wrote to Lord Nuneham concerning its lay-out. In the course of a letter he remarks: "I return you the plan of your Flower Garden with another traced from it, in which I have drawn a gravel walk round it and altered the plan of the beds. . . . There should be due space for grass for walking on (not less than 6ft.) between every part of every clump or bed." He referred to plantations of flowering shrubs—arbutus, magnolia, myrtle, and even orange trees. Mason's published works show him to have been an able advocate of flower gardening in conjunction with landscape design, as opposed to landscaping pure and





A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FORMAL GARDENS FROM THE BALCONY ON THE WEST FRONT WITH THE  
TIMBERED PARK IN THE BACKGROUND



THE HOUSE FROM THE NORTH. In the foreground is a groundwork of *Cotoneaster horizontalis*



THE NORTH BORDER BELOW THE TERRACE



THE STAIRWAY TO THE ROSE GARDEN



THE LAVENDER WALK ON THE NORTH FRONT

simple, and he is still commemorated at Nuneham by "Mason's Walk" in the western part of the grounds with the lay-out of which he is traditionally associated. Brown, on the other hand, the Earl's other admired adviser, was given complete freedom of action east and south of the house, and his name too is linked with the place in "Brown's Walk," which commands a noble sweep of park landscape.

The great terrace and garden to the south of the house provide an excellent example of formalising treatment at its best—an architectural skeleton appropriately clothed with a restrained furnishing of well chosen plants by which the house and its surroundings are skilfully merged into one another. The design is on the grand scale but never overpowering the building it adjoins or the expanse of wooded park with its smooth curves and undulations. Nor has the formal treatment been carried too far, a common fault where the site, as in this case, encourages the desire for extreme formalising.

A rose garden planned on geometrical lines with a series of rectangular beds filled with bush roses and edged with dwarf lavender and pinks arranged in line with a statue as a central feature to the lay-out occupies the second terrace. From here a flight of steps leads down to the pool garden on a lower level and planned on equally spacious lines with a large rectangular pool filled with water lilies as a central feature enclosed by four L-shaped beds set in a paved surround and planted with azaleas. Hardy flowers occupy the border below the retaining wall and in high summer provide a gay display, while on the wall many choice climbers such as *Abutilon megapotamicum*, *Teucrium fruticans*, Fortune's Yellow rose and *Osteomeles anthyllidifolia* form an attractive furnishing.

Long borders filled with hardy flowers for summer effect and so skilfully arranged that they provide a series of picturesque incidents throughout their length with their variations and contrasts in texture and colouring, run below the walls supporting the main formal lawn on the south front, and on the walls themselves are many choice and uncommon shrubs, including a fine specimen of that handsome evergreen climber from Chile, *Lardizabala biternata*. The wall plants are one of the most notable features of the garden at Nuneham. Full opportunity has been taken of the variety of aspects and conditions afforded by the numerous walls to grow a collection of the most choice things, to place them in the most likely situations for their success and to train them in the best possible way so that they enhance and do not destroy the beauty of their background. To give anything like a complete list of the shrubs and climbers that are grown is impossible here and would only bore the reader, but the following are some of the more outstanding kinds that may be singled out for special mention as indications of the scope and variety of the wall furnishing of the house and elsewhere in the formal surround. Roses are well represented, including *R. gigantea*, the Banksian rose Fortune's Yellow, *R. bracteata* and others. Various *Buddleias* like *B. Colvillei* which is represented by a fine specimen, and *Ceanothus* such as *C. papillosus* and *rigidus* are to be found, as well as *Actinidia chinensis* and *Kolomikta*, *Magnolia grandiflora*, *Garrya elliptica*, *Chimonanthus fragrans*, *Carpentaria californica*, *Tecoma speciosa*, *Rhynchospermum jasminoides*, *Mandevilla suaveolens*, *Lapageria rosea*, *Cestrum Newellii*, *Punica granatum*, *Passiflora Constance Elliott*, *Aloysia citriodora*, and several *viburnums* and *clematis*.

Hardly less distinguished than the climbers are the many fine trees which adorn



the immediate surroundings of the terrace and the part of the gardens lying to the north and west. A fine specimen of the Manna ash, *Fraxinus Ornus*, is noteworthy, and so also are a 60ft. specimen of *Quercus Phellos*, a 50ft. high tree of *Quercus Turneri* and a splendid tree of the Shell-bark hickory, *Carya alba*, and many fine magnolias and a grand *Ginkgo biloba*.

Where the formal treatment ends on the west side of the house, it passes smoothly into one of those less disciplined styles of gardening where nature is developed and enhanced by good planting. Trees and shrubs, alpines and hardy flowers have all been called upon to play a part here in linking the garden creation to its environment and at the same time heighten the effect of the landscape of which it is part. A winding path flanked by a dry wall leads through informal groupings of shrubs to a woodland dell which presents a picturesque scene in high summer when the surface of the pool is starred with the waxen blooms of hundreds of water lilies and the margins are clothed with the bold decorative foliage of *Gunneras*, *Rodgersias*, *Senecios*, and the Giant *Saxifrage*.



THE STREAM IN THE WOODLAND GARDEN  
Primulas and irises furnish the water edge



A WELL-TRAINED SPECIMEN OF  
*BUDDLEIA VARIABILIS* ON THE  
NORTH WALL OF THE SOUTH WING

North of this glade lies the stream garden, a charming piece of woodland gardening where water and vegetation are happily associated. Colonies of irises, primulas and other moisture-lovers find a comfortable home at the edge of the winding stream, while in the wide irregular border flanking the path adjoining the stream are many choice ornamental trees and shrubs so chosen and arranged as to provide a display from spring till autumn. A fine *Davidia involu-crata* arrests the eye, and no less striking are grand specimens of *Viburnum fragrans* and *V. macrocephalum*, as well as *V. Sieboldii*, *Meliosma cuneifolia*, *Pterostyrax hispida*, *Diospyros Kaki*, *Magnolia Fraseri*, *Halesia tetraptera* (about 16ft. high), *Xanthoceras sorbifolia* and *Magnolia Watsoni*. Close by the stream garden lies a round formal garden with a rose pergola as a centrepiece, and farther beyond the kitchen garden where a well fashioned pergola clothed with ornamental vines is a striking and lovely feature in the autumn.

G. C. TAYLOR.



THE FORMAL WATER GARDEN



A PICTURESQUE VISTA IN THE WOODLAND DELL  
Bold foliaged plants, like *Gunnera*, *Rodgersias* and *Saxifraga peltata* line the sloping  
banks of the lily pond



# TURTLE DOVES' PARENTHOOD

Written and Illustrated by ERIC J. HOSKING



ANSWERING THE CHICKS' WHISTLE, THE HEN TURTLE DOVE COMES TO THE NEST



THE HUNGRY CHICKS PUSH THEIR BILLS DOWN THEIR PARENT'S THROAT

FOR the last few nesting seasons I have missed the turtle dove, the most beautiful of all the doves to be found in this country, as I have been working in Central Wales and Scotland, where it is seen only at infrequent intervals. This year I was able to spend some time in Norfolk, and I reached my destination before the turtle dove had arrived from its winter residence. There was a bitter north-east wind blowing, and this seemed to retard the arrival of the spring migrants, so that when they eventually put in an appearance, they gave the impression of having arrived in force, almost overnight.

Early in the morning of May 12 I first heard the turtle dove from my bedroom window, and from then their cooing was almost incessant. I noticed that the males selected special hawthorn trees from which to coo, and they could usually be seen on the topmost branches. Their music was especially enchanting during the evening just before dusk, when the wind had dropped and there was a stillness in the air.

Sometimes a cock and a hen could be observed sitting side by side fondling each other's bills, and often a nuptial flight would follow. The cock would fly upwards, almost vertically, with fast-beating wings, and at the summit of his flight he would soar momentarily before planing spirally downwards with his white-edged tail fully expanded. He would dip down with still wings, mount again and circle round the stunted tree on which the hen sat. At even-

tide the hen would frequently join in these courtship flights, and the two birds would gambol in the air together.

All the hawthorn trees in this vicinity are dwarfed, and this compels the turtle dove, as well as most of the other tree-nesting birds, to build nests within six or seven feet of ground level. Moreover, the limited number of these trees which were available necessitated sociability among the doves, and several nests were found in quite a small area.

All species of our doves are noted for their shyness, and are probably the most difficult group of birds to photograph, but they are tight sitters, and, when brooding, will often allow a close approach. The nest which I selected for photography was found on May 23, and the hen was seen to be brooding in spite of the fact that in our search we had passed within 3ft. of her.

Taking this shyness into account, it was decided not to erect the hiding-place until the eggs had hatched, and I planned to put this together little by little, so that its slowly developing appearance would not upset the bird. The difficulty, however, was to ascertain what stage had been reached by the eggs towards hatching. Although I visited the nest at all times of the day, I was never able to find it unoccupied by the hen, and I did not wish to flush her, for I realised the great danger of her deserting altogether. One evening, to my surprise, I found the hen sitting rather high, and I guessed the eggs must have

hatched, and that she was brooding the young.

This forced me into rapid action in regard to the hide, and the only course left open was to try to erect it without putting her off. The framework was first placed into position only 6ft. from the nest, and we were able to do this without causing much alarm. The following evening the covering of the hide was placed over the framework, again without frightening the bird, and finally on the third evening a dummy lens was placed in position.

As I neared the hide on June 4 I could see that the hen was sitting in her normal position, but as I peeped round from the side of the hide, she slipped away. Much to my amazement she gave a superb display of injury feigning; she almost fell out of the tree down to the ground, and then flapped about over the tall grass and tiny gorse bushes, giving a complete illusion of a broken wing. She painfully urged herself along until she was out of my sight. I had never before seen this injury display with any species of dove.

The camera was quickly erected and I was left on my own. After a short while I heard a dove's cooing in the next tree, and this was answered by the two chicks, who whistled. Then without hesitation the hen flew into the tree and made her way along the branches to the nest. Immediately she began feeding. The chicks pushed their bills down the throat of their parent, upon which all three went up and down in a bowing motion



ALL GO UP AND DOWN IN A BOWING MOTION AS THE HEN REGURGITATES FOOD



AFTER A FOUR-MINUTES' MEAL THE CHICKS BURY THEIR HEADS UNDER THE HEN AND FALL ASLEEP



THE COCK LEAVES AFTER BEING ROUGHLY HANDLED  
BY THE CHICKS

as the hen pumped up the food. The meal lasted for four minutes, and at its conclusion both chicks buried their heads under the hen's body and fell asleep.

Half an hour later the cock alighted on the tree, and as he did so the hen flew from the nest. Encouraged by the whistles of the young the cock made his way through the thick branches to join them. In their eagerness to

be fed the chicks frantically jabbed at their father, trying their utmost to push their bills into his throat, thereby very nearly causing him to over-balance. The cock fed the chicks for six minutes, but as soon as the meal was over he left them, as though glad to terminate the rough treatment he had experienced at the hands of his offspring.

By July 1 the turtle doves were heard only



BETWEEN THE MEALS THE CHICKS EXERCISE AND  
PREEN THEMSELVES

intermittently, and two days later their cooing had ceased altogether. By this time most of them had departed from this area, and by July 6 I was unable to find any at all. In all the turtle doves had spent rather less than two months in the vicinity, but it is safe to say that this part of Norfolk would be the poorer if it lacked the lovely sound of their cooing and the beautiful colouring of their plumage.

## A DOG'S INTRODUCTION TO THE SHOOT

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

**T**HERE is a certain analogy between the elementary education of children and that of puppies in that it is based on the principle of leading the pupils to obedience by patience and precept rather than by nagging and castigation. And, so long as discipline is neither irksomely nor onerously enforced, the good little boy and the good little puppy walk more or less in the straight and narrow path of virtue. But should the transition from the world of school to the greater world outside be premature, the youngster probably falls from grace, not through any inherent tendency to vice, but because of inexperience of life's more subtle temptations.

I sometimes wonder how many promising dogs are spoilt by making their debuts in the field at shooting parties. It may be argued that any youngster having completed his early education to his trainer's complete satisfaction is fitted to take his place in the company of his fellows. Up to a point this may be true. But what of the effect which the unaccustomed noise and bustle of a big shoot, not to mention the distraction of watching other dogs, may have on the nerves of a highly strung youngster? For the first time in his life he will be confronted with innumerable incentives to forget his manners, more especially if his master, as an active gun, is unable to give him undivided attention.

### EXCITEMENT DANGER

Perhaps I can better illustrate my meaning by an instance at a recent shoot. A sober old retriever was sent out to a partridge that fell into a rather nasty tangle of briar in a deep drain almost opposite a gun with a young spaniel at heel. This was too much for the latter, which, dashing out, arrived on the scene at the moment the old dog was picking up, and in consequence a "rough house" was avoided only by the joint efforts of both owners. Incidentally, the latter missed a lot of birds which got up while they were otherwise engaged, and the spaniel pup was so excited that for the rest of the morning a man had to be specially detailed to lead him, in order to avoid similar irregularities. Yet to my own knowledge for some months that very dog had been working quietly and efficiently *solus* and under his master's eye. Obviously the excitement of a strange environment led to his undoing.

And here is an exactly contrary example. On the same day another young spaniel, set on to a running partridge, started brilliantly

and then, suddenly stopping, looked back and refused to hunt another yard until his master came up. Several other dogs were out at the time, and the rather apprehensive way in which the spaniel looked for guidance suggested extreme nervousness in the presence of the others.

### GRADUALNESS ESSENTIAL

I think the moral is this: you cannot be too gradual in a spaniel's education. It is not sufficient of itself to bring him to that standard at which you think he *may* justify himself in company. You must make as certain as possible that he *will* do so. And to this end I suggest that a young dog's introduction to the hundred and one chances of corruption of good manners which will inevitably crop up at any shooting party should be made in the role of a spectator pure and simple. If he can be accompanied by a trustworthy old dog, so much the better, for he will learn a great deal from example.

On such an occasion then, your dog is of more importance than your shooting, and the greater the variety of game he sees the more it will profit him anon. Even so, I would not suggest that a formal shoot should be made the occasion for his debut, for your popularity is likely to decrease in direct ratio to the number of unfortunate incidents which may (despite all precautions) occur. But on a mixed day, when a few beats are taken in line, two or three odd coverts are driven and anything from a cock pheasant to a jacksnipe may get up next, it is not at all a bad plan to ask your host for permission to go into the beaters' line.

Now the important point is that thus can you acquaint your dog with many features of a day's work which would be impossible were you shooting and he attached to a slip at the covert-side. Moreover, your immediate control restores his confidence and tends to make him regard this new experience as a natural sequel to what you have already taught him. At first, wisdom suggests that you walk him on a slip and watch carefully how he reacts to game rising all around him. If he is inclined to run in, possibly it may be due to over-excitement; but take no chances and make him sit every time a bird gets up under his nose or a shot is fired. Here again, if he is restless, soothe him, but do not let him retrieve at first. When the beat is over, keep him either sitting or standing, and go and pick up a bird yourself, bringing it

back and showing it to him. Then replace the bird in the same position, slip him and make him bring it right up to hand.

The next stage in the day's proceedings depends very much on how the dog responds to the new experience, but, if he is reasonably steady, attach a second slip to the first, so that you have about half a dozen yards of trailing lead. Then let the dog go free, and take another walk in line with the beaters. If the youngster shows no disposition to catch cock pheasants by the tail, and no more than passing interest in bolting rabbits, well and good; leave him severely alone. But if original sin peeps out, or the evil communications of other dogs in the line corrupt good manners, stand sharply on the lead and bring him to a rather painful halt. Especially if the dog is unprepared for this sudden check to his activities, it will have the effect of recalling him to a sense of duty, and in all likelihood he will not offend again.

### IMPORTANCE OF TEMPERAMENT

It is not suggested that a single day is sufficient to put an old head on young shoulders. Much depends on the individual temperament; some dogs, like some human beings, are quicker on the uptake than others, and it may be that you will deem it wiser to work your youngster almost entirely on a check-cord for two or three such shooting days. For a point of much importance is that, like the elementary training, a dog's "finishing" should be progressive rather than hurried. It is the greatest mistake to try to make him take in too many things at once, especially in circumstances where other dogs are bound to divert his attention, and guns are continuously popping all around him. The secret of success is to be able to make him concentrate, amid the novel noise and fuss, on what you want him to do at the moment. So neither hurry his paces nor confuse his brain; pass from one lesson to another, but keep each as distinct as when you were training him in dummy work.

But there is no better finishing school than that in which game is not only abundant, but varied, and if you can introduce your youngster to half a dozen different kinds of game and wild-fowl in the day, so much the better. And if at the end of two or three such outings, he will stand keenly interested but equally indifferent to a snipe rising under his nose, a pheasant falling behind his tail and a hare scurrying across his front, your job is done.



# COME WIND, COME WEATHER

By BERNARD DARWIN

IT is, *pace* the Censor, a blue and golden autumn morning as I sit down to write; the kind of morning that sets the blood dancing in the veins and inspires a passionate if futile desire to play golf. Failing that it sets me wondering whether other golfers resemble me in always connecting a particular course with a particular kind of day. I may have played on the course in every possible kind of weather, but there is always that one impression that springs first to the mind. Sometimes the picture comes from only a single visit. As an example I have played only once on the pleasant links of Leven, now nearly 40 years ago, and it was just such a heavenly day as this. I remember the fact perfectly because I had been frozen to death at St. Andrews by an east wind on the day before. I had come there "in the vicious pride of my youth" with an insufficiency of clothing and had desperately rushed out to buy some more: whereupon I sweltered at Leven and, for me, the sun has shone tropically there ever afterwards.

That is a purely egotistical memory, but here is one that may make a wider appeal. If I think of Carnoustie, which I have seen on as fine a day as need be, my shoes instantly feel like boats and a streamlet of cold water insinuates itself between my neck and the upturned collar of my mackintosh and is running down my back. This is true of the Open Championship of 1937. That first green, which lies in a hollow, is rapidly becoming a lake; the green-keeper has hastily had to cut a new hole on the bank of the lake and it is a grave question whether it will not be engulfed. I feel horribly wet, but there are other people a great deal wetter.

Here is R. A. Whitcombe, for instance, who is leading the field with a round to go and is out in the very worst of the storm. I hear a rumour that at one hole he has nearly missed the ball since the slimy club has flown right out of his hand. Now he is coming to the home hole and about to play a full brassey shot over the burn. He takes plenty of time, wiping his hands and then wiping the grip of his club and finally banging the ball home with a great shot to end in 76. It seems to me in the circumstances an incredibly good score and yet it is not good enough, for here, later in the day, comes Cotton, as I can see him clearly, in a red jumper with a white handkerchief knotted round his neck, bearing a vast umbrella. He finishes in 71 to win by two strokes, and I go indoors to write about it, leaving a dripping track in the hall to mark my progress.

Therefore, though it is doubtless unjust, it will always be raining for me at Carnoustie, and so it will be at a famous American course, that of the Country Club at Brookline. There is some excuse for me, for I was there in 1913 to see Francis Ouimet beat Vardon and Ray in the Open, when the rain poured down and the ground was a swamp, and I was there again in 1922, when the day of nine years before seemed almost dry compared with that of the qualifying competition for the Amateur Championship. On this occasion I actually played, but not very many holes, since my partner and I, drowned and battered, retired prematurely. My own fortunes have left little impression. The vision, which I see with almost photographic clarity is of Chick Evans hopping about on the last green, trying to find a spot to which he can lift his ball from a puddle with some hope of having a more or less dry putt of four or five feet to the hole.

Now for another injustice of a more personal character. When Westward Ho! comes into my head, the wind is for ever blowing great guns. That may not be so very surprising, because it can blow there; but this wind defies natural laws, in that, whichever way I turn, it is always on my back, and my ball, which is a gutty, is being sliced away incredible distances into the rushes. That wind in turn brings back two bits of advice then given me by distinguished golfers, both in their respective ways admirable. One, purely technical, was from Mr. John Low: he told me to think of hitting *through* the ball. The other, from Mr. Harold Hilton, dealt rather with the general

philosophy of the game and indeed of life in general. I was utterly worn out with the wind, hated golf for the time being and was bemoaning the fact that I had to go on to play in Wales. "Never mind," said Mr. Hilton. "You'll be cock of the walk there and you'll play all right again." This rather cynical prophecy came, in calmer weather, at least reasonably true.

So much for rain, and now for cold. Deal is pre-eminently the course that makes me think of cold, with an equally beloved course, Worlington, as a good second. The sun can shine divinely at Deal, but it does not as a rule on the occasion of the Halford Hewitt Cup, and that is when, in my mind's eye, I always see it. It is a grey and bitter day, with a good stiff wind of a decidedly easterly quality, and this is emphasised by the fact that it takes well over three hours to get round the course and there are some three sets of couples waiting to drive off on the third teeing ground.

If I can see myself as a player I am doing cabman's exercise; if as a spectator, I have found a nice little sandy cave behind the new Sandy Parlour green where I can watch the shots coming up one after another and keep almost warm. Meanwhile the donor of the Cup is looking out anxiously for his Carthusians, like Sister Ann in her watch-tower, from behind the big plate-glass window in the club, and one of them, Wing Commander J. S. F. Morrison, having tactfully won his match by 5 and 4, is just going into the Chequers for his glass of beer.

Sandwich is next door to Deal and I have in fact been just as cold there, but it is not so in my vision. Just as for me hot collars for lunch belong pre-eminently to St. George's, so do sunshine and the larks singing, and I am

basking on the turf, lazily nibbling a particular kind of herbage that grows there, with an agreeable flavour of onions. I had forgotten, by the way, another course which, in imagination, freezes the very marrow in my bones. This is Moortown, near Leeds, where I am watching the Ryder Cup match in 1929. Heavens! how cold it is, even though the month be May, hovering on June! Yet, as at Carnoustie, there is comfort, for there are much colder people than I am. The American players are swathed in innumerable woollies and one of them, poor little Joe Turnesa, is really blue with the cold and reminds me of a shivering Italian greyhound. We had often sighed, especially in the Walker Cup, for some typically British weather for a match against the Americans. That day our prayer was abundantly answered.

Walton Heath on a sunshiny day—and there are many there—is one of the loveliest of places, and yet I dream of it in a fog, or perhaps it would be more polite to say in a mist that has come up from the sea. At one time its arrival there always seemed simultaneous with mine. In particular I see myself playing in a foursome there against the great James Braid and a frequent partner of his, who is now dead. They are conferring with one another in what appears to be a secret language. Braid's partner has mysterious names for his various irons, one of which is known as "Pipe" from the mark of a well-known Scottish maker on its back. So the two are discussing at some length whether a full or a half pipe is required to reach the green, the green wholly hidden from our gaze by swirling banks of white mist. That is yet another injustice to another great course, but I cannot help it.

## A COUNTRYWOMAN'S DIARY

By E. M. DELAFIELD

IN 1864 Miss Charlotte M. Yonge brought out a new novel, and from it I extract the following reference to the Volunteers, then being formed in the English countryside for no other purpose than to repel the expected invasion of England.

"... I have found a rifle, and am expected to find a uniform as soon as the wise heads have settled what colour will be most becoming."

"Becoming! No, papa! It is the colour that will be most invisible in skirmishing."

An officer of the regular Army here interposes and says decidedly: "Grey faced with scarlet."

However, grey with green facings is eventually decided upon and approved as likely to "choke off the snobs who only wanted to be like the Rifle Brigade." The discussion goes on with an assertion from a young married woman living in Dorset:

"The enemy are sure to attempt our coast first."

Someone replied:

"I believe the enemy are expected on every coast first," and a Naval officer declares:

"Your coast! They will never get the length of that. I was talking to an old mess-mate of mine... who was telling me how we could burn their whole fleet before it could get out of Cherbourg."

That was three-quarters of a century ago.

IT is quite noticeable that our evacuee children in the West of England are in many instances no longer referred to as "the evacuees." They are just "the children," counted in as part of the family. Many of them, now, have been with us over a year. Only once, in the last few months, have I heard at first hand of a mother who suddenly swooped down from the outskirts of London and announced her intention of taking her boy of seven away from his billet. The billeting officer, with perhaps more zeal than discretion, explained to her that Billy was in tears because he didn't want to leave the country. Irrationally, but not altogether unnaturally, Billy's mother retorted that

this was all the more reason for getting the child home again before he'd forgotten it altogether.

She had her way—because there is absolutely no means of compelling parents to leave their children in safety. I am wondering now whether the alert that sounded in the London area on Saturday, November 1—the first since last July—may have caused her to regret her determination.

Probably not.

But Billy went away in floods of tears.

THE enquiry about mead, in the issue of October 24, was the means of drawing my attention to a volume entitled *The Compleat Housewife or Accomplished Gentlewoman's Companion*—a forerunner of Mrs. Beeton.

The Accomplished Gentlewoman gives three recipes for mead—one for Strong Mead, one for Small White Mead, and the third for plain, unqualified Mead. All three contain honey, herbe-rosemary, thyme, bay and sweet-briar—and cloves, and No. 2 recklessly adds a pound of loaf-sugar. Indeed No. 2—the Small White Mead—is the least likely of all to solace our hearts in these days, for it demands also "the juice of four lemons, the rinds of but two."

THE Accomplished Gentlewoman was both practical and forthright in the preface of her book, describing its contents as being "receipts proper for a frugal, and also for a sumptuous, table, and—if rightly observed—will prevent the spoiling of many a good dish of Meat, the Waste of many good Materials, the Vexation that frequently attends such Mis-managements, and the Curses not infrequently bestowed on Cooks." Waste and vexation may still attend our domestic hearths, although we hope with Lord Woolton that the former is to be no more—but who that possesses a Cook would bestow upon her curses?

I WAS quite recently put up in a small manor house near the south coast by a hostess whom I knew very slightly. She told me that, like most other people, she had no maids but



that "the children" did a great deal to help her.

And so they did.

There were five of them, aged between fifteen and six, and they had a resident governess. Their manners were charming and devoid of the alarming *brusquerie* that sometimes characterises girls educated at our excellent public schools (the boy, who was the youngest, had not yet been to school at all), and their practical skill in housework was beyond all praise. The sight that moved me most of all was that of the eldest and the two youngest, clad in over-

alls, briskly and efficiently cleaning the shoes.

Nor were they by any means without wider interests. Letitia, aged eight, in the course of conversation with me, enquired with great earnestness if I would explain to her what, exactly, was meant by "stemming an attack" and also "fighting a rearguard action." I did the best that I could, at such short notice, to describe both these military operations, and Letitia assured me, I hope with truth, that she understood perfectly. We discussed the position in Russia, and I, in my turn, asked how Letitia thought the war was going.

"Well," said Letitia, without a moment's hesitation. Provided, she added darkly, that we (the English) were not too soft with the Germans. It was quite a relief, after that, to be taken to see her guinea-pigs in the orchard.

NO one who has ever had the care of children can fail to be moved by this true story of a small evacuee, struggling into her winter coat.

She was heard to mutter below her breath: "Large buttons and small button-holes. That's me tragedy."

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE SPIDER CARRIES ON

SIR,—I am one of those persons who are afraid of spiders. I have what I believe is called "the spider sense": that is, I know when there is a big one in the room. They give me the creeps. No insect gives me the same feeling. The bee, the wasp, the caterpillar, the lady-bird, even the cockroach and the earwig I can encounter without a tremor. But a large spider paralyses me. However, I came across one the other day, whose heroism was so great under devastating circumstances that I could not but admire him, and this has tended to mitigate my terror. He (or possibly she) was not very large—about the size of a hazel nut, with a speckled body, and legs which he had tucked under himself—and he had built his web, one of the cart-wheel type, right across the veranda, so that it was very difficult to come out of the drawing-room without barging into it. However, I saw it as soon as I opened the glass door, and as he was sitting in the middle in a crouching attitude, as if about to pounce, I kept my eye on him and edged carefully round the web as I went on my way into the garden. But coming back with a basket of flowers, I was so busy thinking about how to arrange them that I forgot all about him and dashed right into his web, so that I felt a bit of it on my cheek. This was awful! The spider was probably on me! In a frenzy of terror I pulled off my hat and threw it on the ground, took off my coat and flung it after my hat, and was proceeding to undress still further when I looked up to see what had happened to the web. It was reduced to one rope from the ceiling, and up this the spider was climbing, hand over hand, as hard as he could peg. I watched him till he was out of sight, and then, greatly relieved, and saying to myself "He won't build *there* again!" went in and arranged the flowers.

If I had thought of Robert Bruce I might have remembered that the spider never gives in. But I didn't. I opened the glass door into the veranda the next morning unperturbed, and was about to walk into the garden, when I stopped stock still. There he was again, in a brand-new, beautifully made web, without a sign of the damage I had created the day before! He must have worked all night!

As I edged my way cautiously past him—was it my sub-conscious ego, or the spider?

What I heard was: "Hitler be blowed!"—ALICE DEW-SMITH, Cambridge.

### THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN

SIR,—May I revert to your correspondent Mr. R. T. Lang's "extension" (or interpretation) of the legend started by J. G. Lockhart (1794-1854) that the Ladies of Llangollen wore "men's attire"? (COUNTRY LIFE, October 24). If you refer to any standard book on costumes or even to articles in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, I think you will find that "trousers" became the ordinary article of men's morning attire during the early years of Queen Victoria's reign. Miss Ponsonby died in 1831, Lady Eleanor some year or two earlier. There is an illustration of Count d'Orsay in *Fraser's Magazine*, 1834, "as a man of fashion" wearing the tight-fitting, beautifully modelled "trouser" or pantaloons, showing the shapely calf of the leg, the well proportioned thigh, hips and seat.

Beau Brummel was probably the first to make the "pantaloons" popular in England, tight-fitting black trousers reaching the ankle.

These garments were introduced from the Continent. The Duke of Wellington, after the Peninsular campaign, was said to be the first to extend the length of his tight-fitting riding breeches to his ankles, over which he wore his riding boots (Wellingtons).

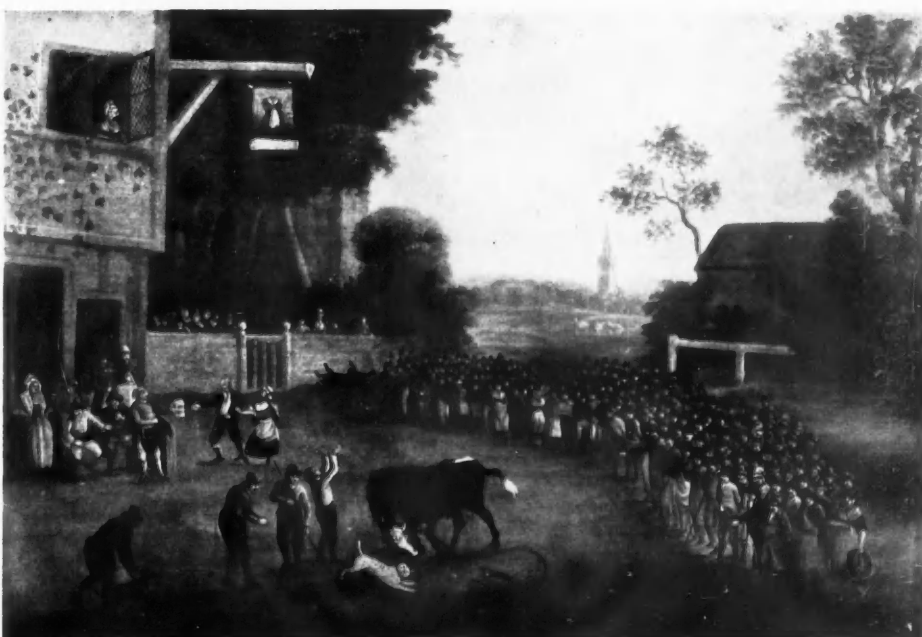
The suggestion with regard to "the wearing of the breeks" is surely hardly to the point. Certainly the Lowland Scot adapted in quite early days the French term *trousse*, *trouzes*, or *trooze* for ankle-length articles of "men's attire" reaching from the waist to the foot.

As to the further suggestion with regard to "unmentionables," may I venture to remind you that "draw-ers" were worn by men long before Victoria's day? They were "overalls," one for each leg, worn over the shirt, under the smock.

The fashionable young ladies circa 1820, in England, appeared in frilled "pantaloons," one for

each nether limb, tied at the knee, with the frill showing round the ankle beneath their skirts.

I hardly think that "two healthy, clean-minded, generous-hearted women," even "living a hundred years ahead of their time," would have indulged their eccentricity to such an extent as to wear the beautifully cut and modelled breeches of the gentlemen of their own day, or the new fashion of the young ladies with frilled "draw-ers," displaying to advantage tiny feet and delicate ankles; but I do suggest that what Lockhart said refers to the unusual simplicity of the ladies' dress, the short hair, the beaver hats, the severely cut cloth coats, and riding habits. Obviously a man, in those days, had



THE "BUTCHERLY SPORT," IN AN OLD PAINTING AT FARLEIGH HOUSE

always to be prepared to mount a horse, whether he was riding in a coach, or walking about his demesne, hence the reason for breeches and riding-boots or leggings. The Ladies, both being Irish bred, would feel freer and less hampered in riding dress than in furbelows and laces.

They were not "Victorians," and the suggestion of "trousers" is something of an anachronism.—RACHEL LEIGHTON, Sweeney Hall, Oswestry.

### THE YELLOW-HAMMER

SIR,—I was very much interested to read Major Jarvis's notes about the yellow-hammer in your October 10 issue.

Although I am not well acquainted with Pembrokeshire (my native county is Northamptonshire), I have been fortunate enough to have had some opportunities during the last summer of observing some of the bird life of the western part of this county, around Milford Haven, and I can assure Major Jarvis that there is certainly no shortage of this attractive bird among the hedgerows here.

During evening walks along the country roads I have on several occasions seen a large number of pairs of yellow-hammers and on more than one occasion have observed their nests and young.

The distinctive song (sometimes without the higher note at the end) can be heard a long way off, and the bird is usually very conspicuous as it seems to perch on the highest branches of the hedge.

In Northamptonshire, during the early part of August, I also saw and heard this bird in the hedgerows, although it did not seem to be quite so numerous there.

I should like to add that in April of this year I observed a brambling on a hedgerow about four

miles from Milford Haven, and was particularly interested as I believe this bird to be rather uncommon so far west in Wales. I should be interested to hear if any other readers have noticed them in this district.—A. J. MOUNTFORT DRAPER, Milford Haven.

depicts the "butcherly sport," as Evelyn called it, of bull-baiting, evidently on a village green or in a village street. I have no clue as to the actual spot, though the spire in the distance might be intended for Salisbury Cathedral. The inn sign, so far as I can make it out, seems to be an owl, if that is any help to identification.

But the chief interest of the painting is the portrayal of a popular event in the country life of the past—judging from the costumes, about 1800. The bull has tossed a black dog, which one of the baiters is ready to catch, and another, clearly a white bull-dog with a dark muzzle, is sparring to seize the bull by the nose. A third dog is held in readiness. Outside the inn a man and woman are being given a huge foaming tankard of ale by, I suspect from his costume and a large knife hanging from his belt, a butcher. Possibly they are the owners or conductors of the bull. The man looks rather dishevelled. The crowd on the right contains an interesting collection of country types.

It is not a very good picture, though distantly related to Morland's scenes of rustic life. But I do not remember to have seen another depicting bull-baiting, which was not abolished by law in England till 1835.—LYMINGTON, Farleigh House, Basingstoke.

### BAT TAKES ARTIFICIAL FLY

SIR,—Fifty years ago, a small boy fishing the River Cover in summer holidays; water low and gin-clear, he tried by pitch-black night at Coverham, with the thrill of being "taken" at the first cast. Instantly his "fish" was high up in an elm, fly gone, and nothing left for him but to trudge home disconsolate!—N. D. LUPTON, Hyde Crook, Dorchester, Dorset.



CONINGSBY CLOCK WITH ITS SINGLE HAND

#### SINGLE-HANDED TIMEKEEPING

SIR,—In these days when so many of our activities, from broadcasting to a *blitzkrieg*, are timed to the split second, it is pleasant to recall more leisurely ages of the past—and any reminder of them is welcome.

One such reminder is furnished by the clock in the fine village church of Coningsby, Lincolnshire, for this clock has an hour hand only, and you must be able to gauge distances pretty accurately if you are to tell the time by it, within a minute or two.

Each space between hour marks on the dial is divided, not into five smaller spaces as on most clocks, but into four only—each space representing a quarter of an hour as the hour-hand passes across it.

The simplicity of mechanism that could be achieved in designing a clock for one hand only, instead of two hands turning at different speeds, is obvious. The Coningsby clock is one among several single-handed clocks that survive in various parts of the country—some of them in unexpected places.

Besides its clock Coningsby church boasts another unusual feature—an open archway passing right through the base of the tower, denoting the existence of an old right-of-way.—A. D., London, S.W.

#### COMMUNAL OVEN PROBLEM

SIR,—Seeing the photograph of Carew Castle, near Pembroke, in *COUNTRY LIFE* of August 1, reminded me of something else of interest in the village of Carew. I send a photograph of it taken a few years back. I have never been able to satisfy myself as to its original purpose, but I remember reading somewhere that it was a communal oven built by the Flemings who had settled in the district, a kind of Dutch oven in fact. Whether this is correct I



WAS IT A COMMUNAL OVEN?

cannot say; possibly some of your readers may be able to provide some reliable information.

A fine Celtic cross in Carew dates to the ninth or tenth century. It is in a state of splendid preservation; no doubt it has been restored at some time.—F. LUMBERS, 29, Melbourne Road, Leicester.

#### WHERE WISHES ARE COSTLY

SIR,—Numerous wishing wells exist throughout the country; this is the one at Waggeners Wells, Surrey.

Legend states that a wish is not clinched unless a coin is thrown into the spring-well while sipping the ice-cold water, and it is strange to look down into the water and see numerous half-pennies and pennies lying at the bottom. When I was there last there was even a sixpence there. Evidently the person who was so extravagant badly desired his wish to come true!

However, a fine haul awaits anyone who dares to challenge tradition, but he must have a very long arm—about two yards long, in fact—to be able to reach the coins.—P. H. L.

#### TITS AND MILK BOTTLES

SIR,—In this suburb, on the edge of Epping Forest, the tits often remove in the early morning the entire flat surface of the metal caps on the bottles of milk left at householders' doors. They do it as neatly



#### MILK BOTTLE CAP CUT OPEN BY TITS

as if they had cut out each cap with a knife, and seldom is there even a scrap of metal left lying about. What do the tits do with the pieces? And has anyone ever caught them at their rapid thievery? The bottled milk itself, slightly reduced in level, indicates that, after removing the cap (except for the narrow rim clipping the edge of the bottle), the tits have drunk as far down as they could reach. Whether a bird has ever been caught in the act or not, it can hardly be doubted by anyone who has watched the tit's intelligent acrobatics in a garden that he, and none other, is the clever marauder.—V. H. FRIEDLAENDER, *Buckhurst Hill, Essex*.

[We had not heard of such pranks on the part of tits in connection with metal caps until quite recently, since when several instances have come under our notice. Perhaps our readers can say whether milk-cap perforation is becoming common and when they first observed it.—ED.]



#### SCENERY IS RARE AS AN INN SIGN

##### A LANDSCAPE INN SIGN

SIR,—As inn signs usually depict animals or human beings it may interest your readers to see a photograph of something quite different—a picture of the type of country surrounding the inn. It would be interesting to know if other readers have ever come across a landscape sign.—JOHN H. VICKERS, *Hillcote, Hinksey Hill, Oxford*.

#### TREE BELFRY

SIR,—Here is an example of a bell suspended in a tree opposite the church in the little village of Ewes, Dumfriesshire.—DOROTHY KNOWLE, *Blagdon, Somerset*.



#### WISHING AT WAGGENERS WELLS

##### A SOLDIER IN NORTH AFRICA

SIR,—I have recently received this letter from my son, which may be of interest to readers of *COUNTRY LIFE*.

(Letter dated March 19, 1941.)

"... Cyrenaica is ours and a curious country indeed, 8/10ths useless, and the other with immense possibilities given money and time. Certainly from the hard work and extent (still very local) of development in so few years the Italian peasant serves well and is worthy of his labours. Most have remained. . . .

"Motoring from Cirene to Barce on the Northern road in the evening might have been Cumberland. Imagination stretches enormously no doubt. There is one pass where the road ran along the side of a huge deep Wadi. It had been blown up, and the Aussie pioneer corps had made a fresh road down into, along, and then up again some miles further along. In the bottom all was cool, green and quiet. Great thin conifers stretched up and up, immensely tall, yet dwarfed beneath great red rock cliffs, the bluest sky, but a mere strip between. Great caverns abounded, intersected with ancient tree roots creating fantastic shapes. Rock doves cooed deeply. Suddenly a series of crashes, and a mad flapping from their caves and up through the blue streak.

"Further along huge bronzed Australians were blasting a better approach to a bridge which once displayed the Facist sign and now bore the caption 'Aussie built.' The road wandered through round brush-covered hills, banked at corners, and into more level country that might have been Dorset had not the houses all been the same pure white. Cornfields were fresh harrowed into dark and light green stripes, broad beans and peas in bold rows, and peasant farmers and families sitting in front of their houses. Beneath his peaked cap his evening



THIS TREE BELL IS AT EWES, DUMFRIESSHIRE



pipe—same the world over—simple people with but one wish, to live quietly by their toil and raise a family. The war had rumbled by their doorsteps. They had been told to go, but had remained and carried on the same. I saw tractors and disc harrows, presumably co-operatively owned, and I understood the 'Ente' organisation staff have offered their services. I saw much fruit and it was well pruned, regular in plant and cultivation good, but I could not recognise any particular sorts other than pears and Morella cherries. There was no leaf, and most of the early blossom (I suppose almond) had fallen, though some plum—or I took it to be—was full out. They told me many tangerines, peaches and nectarines were grown. I walked through some raspberry rows and talked to a man hoeing. He was pleasant and quiet, and might, but for his language, easily have been an English farm labourer.

"I paint too glowing a picture, but it was so green and fresh. There is greenery in Egypt but it all looks dry and dusty and hollow. Here it was true to England, though a close look revealed grass in blades, not turf. Later on in the year it must become very hot, dry and dusty, particularly by the coast. Mostly Arabic there. The Italian colonisation is up the escarpment 1,000 to 2,000 feet. The real trouble is there are no streams. Thirty inches of rain comes all at the same time. Then it was spring and the



THE KOEL'S DARK EGG IN A CROW'S NEST

great amount of clever reconstruction had been done recently. Both are beautiful examples of Greek architecture. The museum had apparently been sacked by Arabs, but some sculpture remained. One lion was very fine, but possibly that was Roman. But the chief thing that struck us was the site. One set of ruins is on the top of an escarpment and just below these, seemingly hewn from the rock, right on the down gradient is the other set. Here is an amphitheatre with seats arranged to back the stage with surely the most magnificent setting ever. Indeed, so beautiful a view, ending in the Mediterranean, that attention must have been hard to hold by the actors. There was beautiful stone for sculpture lying around everywhere; how I should have liked to collect some and start on it. . . ."

The letter was actually written shortly after the occupation of Benghazi. In the end he had to walk most of the way to Tobruk.—CONRAD P. HESELTINE, *Weston Corbett Place, Near Tunworth, Basingstoke.*

#### CARVINGS IN WYMONDHAM CHURCH

SIR,—When visiting the beautiful church at Wymondham, Leicestershire, I was extremely pleased to come across the delightful carvings on the capitals of the south side of the nave. They are lovely examples of work, one showing a figure with tousled hair, blowing a horn or musical instrument; or this may be intended to be a cornucopia. The other figure appears to be female, an angel with a cross held in the right hand while in the other hand is a short-handled whip or flail.

These capitals are stated to be very heavy and project too far, the pillars being small and neat, but I think, and no doubt your readers will agree, that they are treasures of more than passing interest.—COUNTRYWOMAN.

#### HOP STRINGING

SIR,—You may like to add to your illustrations the enclosed photographs of two other ways of stringing the hop poles, as practised in Worcestershire and Herefordshire. In one a horse-drawn "stage" is employed; in the other, a long pole with a loop at the top is used, by means of which the string is hooked alternately to the wires overhead and to hooks fixed in the ground.—M. W., *Hereford.*

#### KOEL CHICKS IN CROW'S NEST

SIR,—An interesting phenomenon which happens regularly in Ceylon about the middle of the year is the breeding of the chicks of the Indian koel (*Eudynamis scolopaceus*) in the nests of the Ceylon house-crows.

Somehow or other, the sitting crow is allured to a distant spot by the vociferous "Kuoos" of the cock koel, and the hen koel, in the meantime, introduces her egg or eggs into the crow's nest.

Although my photograph shows only one alien egg (the darker and smaller one) in a crow's nest found on a banyan tree, three, and sometimes four, have been found in one clutch and, every time, the intruder removes one of the rightful owner's eggs, because it seems to have a suspicion that crows can count.

My other picture shows a crow fledgeling being brought up with her two koel foster sisters, which had probably ejected another crow chick earlier—for crows usually lay four eggs at a time. The nest was built on a coconut palm. As soon as the mother crow becomes aware of the ruse practised

on her, she starts pecking the koel chicks to drive them away.

Next year, the koel will continue to play the deceiver. And the crow, apparently failing to profit by the experience of the past, will rear another bogus brood.—S. V. O. SOMANADER, *Batticaloa, Ceylon.*

[There are several species of koel, of the genus *Eudynamis*, found in India, Ceylon, Burma, China, New Guinea and Australia. These birds are notable for the adult males being glossy black, while the females and young are of brownish hue variously mottled, barred and spotted. Koels are allied to and of similar habits to our familiar cuckoo; in short they are cuckoos.—ED.]



KOEL CHICKS SHARE A NEST WITH A CROW FLEDGELING



THE AVENGING ANGEL



THE MUSICIAN OF WYMONDHAM

weather was really glorious, cool breeze and bracing air. The fact that harvest is over by the end of July tells the story.

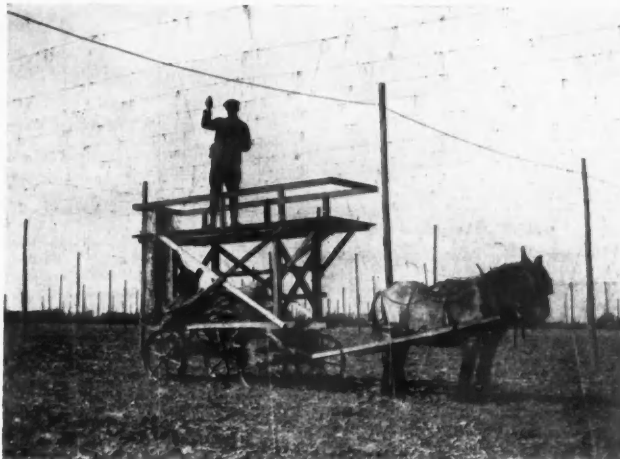
"Benghazi was a well-built, clean and orderly town (bombed heavily round the harbour) but I noticed too much stagnant water and was not surprised to hear there were mosquitoes the size of bumble bees.

"Cirene, of course, is one of the places to visit; the sort of place a ruin crank might go all the way to from England. I was only there three or four hours and there was far too much to see in that time. However, I saw sufficient for one visit—at least three Greek amphitheatres, half a dozen remains of Roman baths, one with a fountain and crystal clear water and all with the most lovely coloured mosaic floors. Troops were bathing in the complete bath. There were two Greek temples, on one of which a



#### HOPFIELD METHODS

(Above) The Herefordshire way  
and (Below) the Worcestershire way



## FARMING NOTES

## THE WAR AGAINST THE RABBIT

THE rabbit is vanishing, as was pointed out in COUNTRY LIFE of October 24. Indeed, going round the farm to-day I can hardly find a couple of rabbits where a score would have been seen two years ago. This is true not only of my own farm but of most of the other farms I know. Trapping in one form or another was carried out pretty thoroughly last winter, not only on land that is ordinarily well farmed but also in other places where the occupiers do not ordinarily worry much about the numbers of rabbits or the state of their land. It is these places that are always the reservoirs from which our farms get filled up with rabbits again, however hard we may trap. Now these reservoirs too have been drained, often through the activities of the War Agricultural Committees. Most of the Committees now have pests officers and it is their job to destroy rabbits when anyone makes a report of rabbit damage. In the past two years we have certainly gone a long way in this country towards getting effective rabbit control. Mr. A. D. Middleton of the Bureau of Animal Population at Oxford University, writing in the Ministry of Agriculture's *Journal*, declares that "there are very few experienced farmers who would not welcome the death of the last rabbit in this country although many regard it as an impossible achievement." In his view, one of the most serious obstacles to an extermination policy at the present time is the fact that rabbit flesh is one of the few cheap unrationed meats. Country people, he says, including some farmers, have little inclination to sacrifice their own local interest in rabbit meat in order to further the more impersonal cause of total national production. I doubt whether he is right in this view. I think the shorter the meat supply, the keener people will be to get hold of a rabbit for the pot.

THERE is more sense in Mr. Middleton's point that when rabbits have been reduced to a level at which the damage they do is scarcely noticeable, even the best farmers are inclined to be quite content to adopt a policy of "keeping them down" which falls short of the complete extermination that he has in view. Rabbits can only be exterminated if the work is properly planned and co-ordinated over large blocks of country. It is little use for one farmer to do it if neighbouring farms remain infested. Landlords' woods, railway banks, commons, cliffs, sand dunes, as well as farms all must be dealt with if absolute extermination is aimed at.

UNDER the present regulations the War Agricultural Committees have powers to deal with any recalcitrant occupiers in such a block of land and they are also empowered to do the trapping or gassing by friendly agreement with any farmer who has difficulties in doing it himself. But the pests officer cannot be expected to be everywhere at once, and there is no doubt that much more could be done if groups of farmers or land agents would themselves initiate or organise block schemes covering, say, 20 or 30 thousand acres, knowing that the Committee will always be ready to help in difficult cases. Mr. Middleton believes that we have now an exceptional opportunity for completely eradicating rabbits from large areas of agricultural land so that the rabbit trouble need not return. Nor need extermination be an expensive job if it is properly planned and timed, making full use of the market value of the rabbits killed. In some areas the revenue may actually balance the expenditure, but it is unreasonable to expect to make a direct profit on the process of eradicating such a pest. Most people would agree with the view that the practice of selling the rabbiting on a farm to a professional trapper or hiring him to kill rabbits at so much a dozen is nothing more than the cropping of rabbits, and can play no part in an extermination scheme. The best arrangement is to employ men at a regular wage with perhaps a small bonus on the rabbits caught. The most expensive part of extermination is, of course, the final cleaning up of the last few rabbits which may cost many times the cash value of their carcasses. It is at this point that

most of us draw back and are inclined to the view that a few rabbits left about the place really do no harm and, indeed, provide an excuse for a walk around the hedgerows with a dog and a gun.

ALTHOUGH the official rations for pigs and poultry have been cut to the bone and many people are making full use of kitchen waste and camp swill to keep a proportion of their stock going, some of the municipalities which have installed processing plants to deal with kitchen waste have been embarrassed by difficulties in disposing of the stuff to farmers. The Ministry of Supply has insisted on some of the larger towns collecting kitchen waste and installing processing plants, but no one has been able to insist on farmers buying the stuff when it has been manufactured. The trouble is largely due to the consistency of the processed swill which comes out in the form of a pudding containing about 60 per cent. of moisture. This material does not travel easily and needs to be collected from the plant for direct delivery to farms. It is messy stuff to handle and agricultural merchants are not keen to use their lorries for this kind of transport. Nevertheless it is in the national interest that this processed swill should be used for feeding pigs and poultry and there is plenty of evidence that those who are making use of it are getting good results. Newcastle is one of the towns which are having difficulty in disposing of processed kitchen waste, and so, I understand, are Leicester, Bolton, Rochdale and Tottenham. Anyone who has a number of pigs or poultry in the neighbourhood of these towns and who is not already using kitchen waste should get in touch with the local authorities to see whether

economical arrangements can be made for its use.

MY guess is that there has been a still further increase in the acreage of autumn wheat sown this year. The weather through October was extraordinarily favourable for ploughing and cultivations and almost everyone was able to keep the teams and tractors fully employed on the land without a break. It is true that in some of the clay districts the land got very dry and it was difficult to force a tilth even when heavy disc harrows were used, but, by and large, almost all the ground intended for wheat was safely planted by the end of October. Sowing had to be delayed for a week or two on some farms because of the delay in getting delivery of phosphates which were wanted to go in with the wheat. In the end most of the urgent demands seem to have been satisfied. If a farmer could not get hold of the superphosphate he wanted, he was probably able to get hold of one of the compound fertilisers containing equal proportions of nitrogen and phosphates. This type of fertiliser is really intended for spring use and application in the autumn is wasteful; a good deal of the nitrogen is bound to be washed out of the top soil before the plant makes use of it. Still, if it came to a choice of using a nitrogen-phosphate fertiliser or no fertiliser at all, most farmers probably took what they could get. Although a good many of us were kept waiting for superphosphate or basic slag, we did get delivery of sulphate of ammonia which had been ordered ahead for spring requirements under the Government rebate scheme. Unfortunately the war-time supplies do not always arrive in the order in which we want them.

CINCINNATUS.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

## LARGE-SCALE BUYING

ANOTHER week brings its contribution of large transactions; in fact it would almost seem as if the larger the acreage the better the prospect of business. Yet there has been a steady undercurrent of dealings in farms of all types and in all parts of the country. The Jeremiahs who deplore a fancied flood of speculative purchases will take a lot of convincing that the farm sales have been nearly all to farmers—not necessarily the sitting tenants—or to bona fide investors, whose intention it is to seek sound tenants at a reasonable rent.

## THE RENTAL OUTLOOK

IT is now common form in particulars of sale to assert that "the tenants stand at old-time rents, which are much below the current value of the holdings." This, of course, is true in many instances, and rents of agricultural land are more likely to rise than to fall, if only because powerful competitors in the produce markets are out of action, for a long while to come, in the enemy-occupied European countries. When the time comes for them to try to re-start farming, years must elapse before they can re-establish their herds and flocks and other livestock, and procure the necessary plant and capital for export trade to this country. In the meanwhile it may not be a rash prophecy to make that the Dominions and the United States will contrive to keep hold of the connections which they have established or developed under war conditions. No risk at all is incurred by foretelling that the maximum imports from overseas will not make much of an inroad into the profits of the British food producer. When it becomes possible, the rebound from rationing is likely to be of spectacular dimensions, and in any event a hungry Europe will have to be provided with the necessities of life.

## FREEHOLDS AT QUOTED PRICES

SOME country residential freeholds, up to 50 acres, for disposal by Messrs. Hampton and Sons include an East Sussex modernised farmhouse, dating from 1540, with 10 acres, for £8,500; a Georgian house and 5 acres, in one of the higher parts of the Essex and Hertford border, for £4,500; a small modern house and 12 acres, a couple of miles from Dorking, for £6,000; and another near Farnham, of 5 acres, for £4,600.

Pen Craig, a freehold of an acre in Lindsay

Road, Branksome Park, on the Bournemouth-Poole main road, realised £2,200 at an auction, on the premises, by Messrs. Fox and Sons. The house has a rateable value of £84 a year, the rates being 11s. 4d. in the pound for the current year.

Mount Side, Harpenden, has been sold by Messrs. Harrods Estate Offices and Messrs. Hampton and Sons. Jointly with Messrs. Alfred J. Burrows, Clements, Winch and Sons, Messrs. Harrods have sold Leacon Hall, Warehorne, a Kentish freehold. With Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley the firm has sold Red Cottage, Holmbury St. Mary.

## A COMMENDABLE PRECAUTION

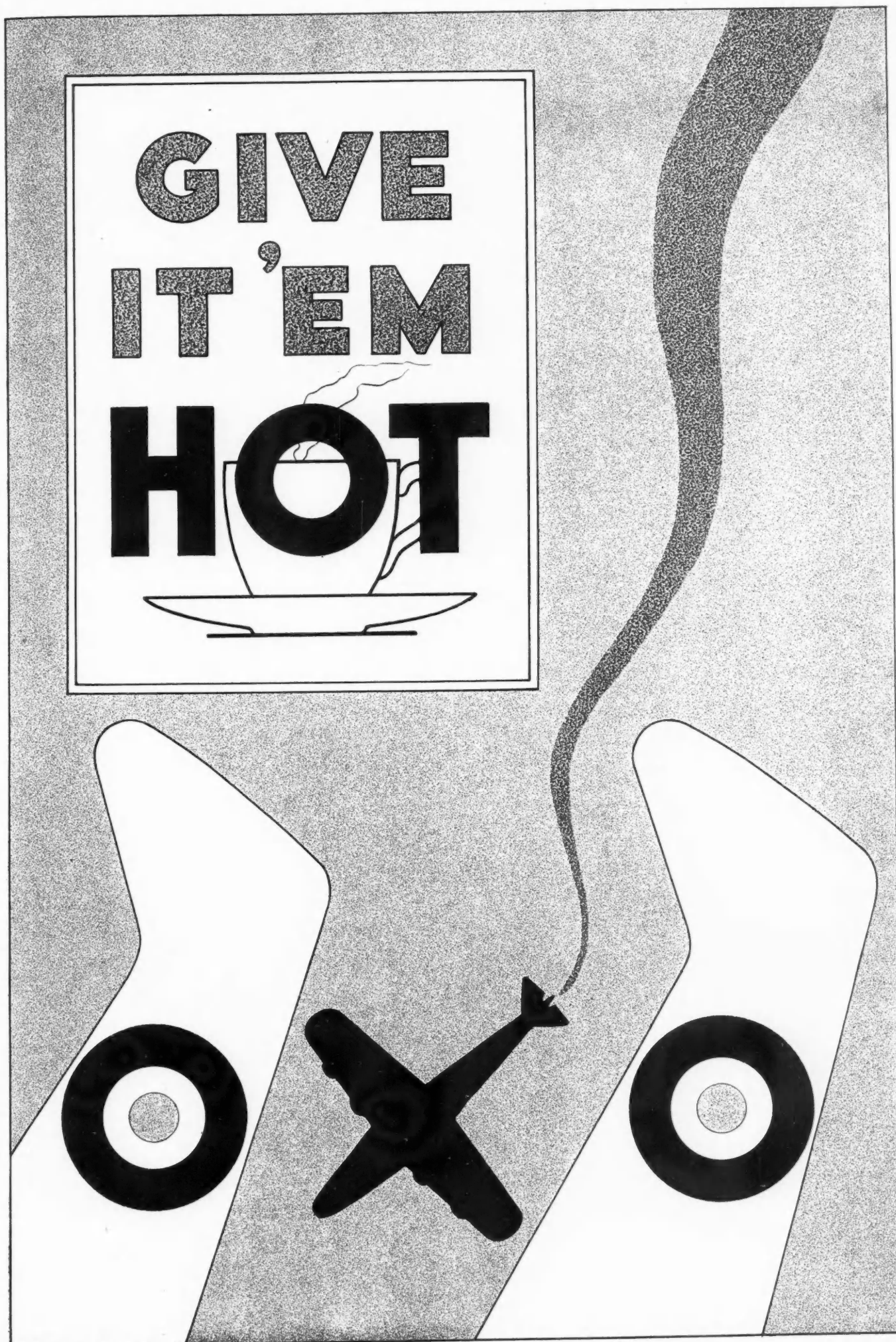
LORD MANVERS has decided that no offers of any kind for any of the 175 lots of the Pierrepont estate will be considered by his agents before the auction. Thus when they come into the auction room, at Nottingham early in December, the tenants and others wishful to bid will not have the mortifying experience of being confronted with a statement that this and that lot have been sold by private treaty. All will have an equal chance, instead of, as too often happens, finding that anything from 10 to 50 per cent. or more of the property has already changed hands. Holme Pierrepont Hall and 5,465 acres are for sale, and there are 23 farms, ranging from 75 to 450 acres, for disposal.

## MOULTON PADDOCKS

MESSRS. GEORGE TROLLOPE AND SONS, in conjunction with Messrs. Lacy Scott and Sons, are offering the late Mr. Dudley J. B. Joel's Moulton Paddocks estate, Newmarket. The mansion, the stud farm and other holdings, and in all a total of 1,300 acres, will be dealt with. The two firms have just concluded an auction of the furniture at Moulton Paddocks. Prices included: pile carpets up to 55s., and a Sparta carpet 94s.; bedstead with bedding, 66s.; and a painted bedroom suite, 92s. Settees and easy chairs sold at £46 and from £10 to £12 respectively, and a set of mahogany dining chairs at £50. A Steinway grand piano made £110, and a Bechstein upright £37. The billiards table brought £50, and a radio-gramophone £36. A Minton dinner service was sold at £17, and a Royal Worcester sweetmeat suite at £15. A picture by Edgar Bundy made 38s. Among the domestic effects, £85 was paid for a refrigerator, and £31 for a gas-cooker. A 1937 14 h.p. car realised 175s., and a 38 h.p. car 365s.

ARBITER.





# SNUFF-TAKING REVIVAL

By J. D. U. WARD



ELABORATE SNUFF-BOXES OF THE LATER EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

They are Battersea or Staffordshire enamels and, with those illustrated below, are in the Schreiber collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum

REPORTS that, since cigarettes have become scarce, the demand for snuff has increased among factory girls are less surprising than they may seem to people who have regarded snuff-taking as a *démodé* masculine "vice." For the last 20 years the sales of snuff have been growing, and it was estimated 12 years ago (when British consumption was about 100,000lb. annually) that four-fifths of the snuff then being sold was used by women. In factories where smoking was forbidden and especially in Scottish textile centres, such as Dundee and Galashiels, the demand has long been particularly keen; but Sheffield is probably the first snuff-using, as well as the first snuff-producing, town in Britain. It has been claimed that 60 per cent. of the world's snuff is manufactured in Sheffield.

Most modern varieties of snuff are scented with such essences as attar of roses, verbena and lavender, or with medicaments such as menthol, which specially appeal to the many people who regard snuff-taking as a precaution against headaches, colds and influenza. But tobacco is the foundation of snuff, and some snuffs such as the *Rappee* of our forebears, the *Tabac à priser* still so popular in France, and the Kendal Brown yet sold in Britain are pure tobacco—ground leaf and stalks.

From different tobaccos and by different methods a wide variety of snuffs can be and are produced, the secrets of some recipes being

kept with great care. Sheffield's "snuff king" once entered into a £5,000 bond not to disclose the recipe of a favourite flavouring. Other recipes, committed to paper, are lodged in the strong-rooms of the owners' banks.

The snuff business is not without its romance. One popular snuff was "discovered" by accident. Some snuff left on top of a furnace was burnt, but what little survived was found to have been much improved—like Charles Lamb's pig which was accidentally roasted! Edinburgh has a school which is a reminder that snuff-taking has its fortunes, if less than smoking. Founded by the bequest of an eighteenth-century snuff manufacturer, James Gillespie, it boasts the query:

Wha wad hae thoct it  
That noses had bocht it?

In 1937, when ancient snuff mills were closed at Kendal and Penrith (so that the flourishing and increasing business might be concentrated in new premises), the machinery of one mill was found to be over 200 years old and good for another century at least. At the other, the mechanism was merely 100 years old, but the chief grinding machine, consisting of two oak mortars and iron pestles, was then still worked by water power. Sieves used for sifting the finest of the ground snuff have 6,400 meshes to the square inch.

Of old, there were Scottish, Irish and Welsh snuffs, which were all dry, as well as damp snuffs imported from Holland, France, Portugal, Spain and Cuba. Within the memory of living man there was still a regular demand for Spanish *Sabilia*—an almost brick-red snuff which had some repute as a preventive of neuralgia and was also used as a tooth-powder, since it was judged specially good for the teeth and gums. Incidentally, as certain kinds of tobacco can be grown satisfactorily in Britain, it would be interesting to know whether good snuffs could be obtained from these home-produced plants.

The modern revival of snuff-taking is not confined to those who cannot afford or do not like cigars. Within the last few years it has been no uncommon sight to see members of London clubs pass round their snuff-boxes at the dinner-table, and the old snuff-boxes in some club lobbies have ceased to be quite the anachronism that they were a generation since. It is, of course, on the edge of the clubland

area—in the Haymarket—that the picturesque front of the most famous snuff-selling shop in Britain may be seen. Messrs. Fribourg and Treyer, who still stock a dozen or more different snuffs, as well as tobacco, have records of sales to Napoleon at St. Helena, the King of France in 1819, the King of the Belgians in 1836, great numbers of the British peerage and their wives, and such well-known personalities as Beau Brummel, David Garrick, Mr. D'Israeli, Charles Greville and Mrs. Fitzherbert. But their chief and best-known customer was George IV, both as Regent and after he ascended the throne. Some of the King's snuff is still kept in the shop, but most of the stock was sold at high prices when he died. Incidentally, between 1801 and 1818 no less than 96lb. of the King's stock was sold to Lord Petersham, one of the greatest snuff-takers, at a price of over £70. A guinea a pound was the normal price of one mixture known as King's Martinique, but prices for less select snuffs varied from 3s. 6d. a pound (in earlier times) to 11s. a pound.

At present, the snuffs sold by most tobacco-nists ordinarily cost from 1s. to 2s. an ounce. In the Midlands and south of England dry, light-coloured snuffs are usually preferred, but Scottish and northern snuff-takers commonly demand a coarse, damp snuff. Snuff has always been popular in seaports, and Lascar seamen in particular are addicted to the chewing of a kind of dark snuff.



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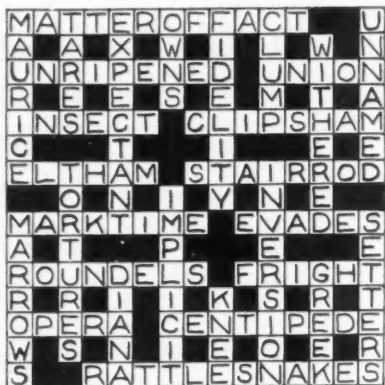
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SOLUTION to No. 615

The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of November 7, will be announced next week.



ACROSS.

- 1. "Season of mists and mellow —" —Keats (12)
- 8. Anything archaic (5)
- 9. Part of the New World named after a French king (9)
- 11. Treat Allan to a dance (10)
- 12. It is in the jeweller's shop already (4)
- 14. What Mr. Parker spends his time doing? (6)
- 15. Canada gives it to man, in reply to the graduate (8)
- 17. Fire, air, earth, water (8)
- 19. Not sung without effort? (6)
- 22. They must be subject to slow change (4)
- 23. A favourite toast in bad times (two words, 6, 4)
- 25. Not just a matter of publishing in parts: it is of universal import (9)
- 26. It was a part of modern Turkey (5)
- 27. Evidently not a temporary line (two words, 9, 3)

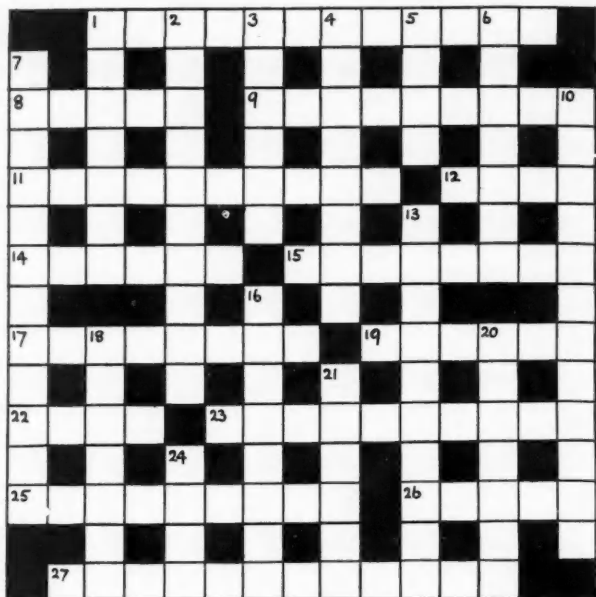
DOWN.

- 1. Any number of people are concerned about theirs (7)
- 2. But an empty house won't be if it is haunted (10)
- 3. He's on the fields; it's on the boat (6)
- 4. Normal course to follow (two words, 5, 3)
- 5. "Say to her, I do but wanton in the South, But in the North long since my — is made." —Tennyson (4)
- 6. Bogus? Poo! Ask the barber! (7)
- 7. "Our can's taken" (anagr.) (10)
- 10. What November comes in with (three words, 3, 6, 3)
- 13. Where Hazlitt found spring a long time coming? (10)
- 16. A famous one was Pericles (8)
- 18. "Gleaner" (anagr.) (7)
- 20. Political chacs (7)
- 21. A saint? So be it. But in flower (6)
- 24. Serene (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 614 is Captain Robert Coventry Denby, Crimpledene, Ben Rhydding, Ilkley, Yorkshire.

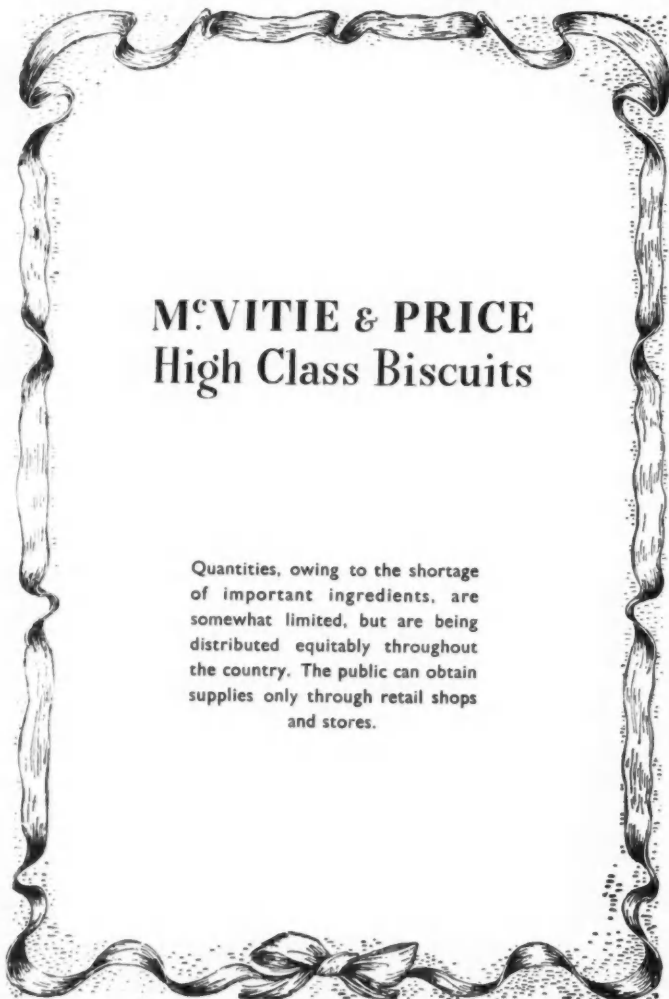
"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 616

A prize of books to the value of two guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 616, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, November 20, 1941.



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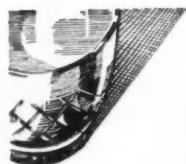
Governor General...	17/6
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## NEW BOOKS

# THE LAST FIFTY YEARS: AN AMERICAN NOVEL

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

I HAVE been greatly interested in an American novel *Not for the Meek*, by Elizabeth D. Kaup (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). It is a very long book, dealing with American life, and particularly American business life, during the last 50 years, and one of the things that interested me was the method, the structure, which the author employed for conveying her effect.

It is a method which leaves the reader in no doubt, almost from the first page, of all that is to happen. It is not a matter of hints but of unequivocal statements—"flashes forward" which reveal again and again what will have happened to this character and that ten, twenty and even fifty years hence.

### A PRE-PUBLICATION TEST

This interested me because one of my own novels was constructed in this fashion. My American publishers have a method of testing public opinion before a book is published. They send out some thousands of copies of the book to readers of all classes in all parts of the United States, and these readers report their "reactions." Now in the case of my book, it was decided that this method of lifting the curtain was to the bad rather than to the good. It would make just the difference, it was felt, between a great success and a success.

Though the poll showed that this was a general opinion, I feel that it is not a reasonable opinion. How, otherwise, can we account for the hold of old books upon the imagination? We read some books again and again. We know not only what situations are about to arise but also the very words in which they will develop; yet we savour those words and situations, as if anew, time after time.

So, also, with the translation of book to film. Hollywood chooses its films not from books that no one knows but from books that everyone knows; and so, look at it how you will, the "flash forward" method of construction seems to me not only permissible but admirable.

### THE POOR BOY'S SUCCESS

And admirably Miss Kaup uses it in the novel under review. Her theme is not a new one, but it is one of perennial interest: a poor boy's rise to a dominant position in society. Martin Lyndendaal, a young Dane, went to America in his youth, entered the steel-works of Andrew Carnegie at Pittsburgh, married a woman of aristocratic descent, founded his own steel-works in New York, and became one of the great figures of United States industrial life. He died at the moment when the Germans were invading the land from which he had sprung.

Side by side with the story of Lyndendaal is the story of half a century's change in social and industrial habits, and Miss Kaup summons up a vast army of characters to embody what she has to set forth. Here and there, it seems to me, she is a little tedious and jog-trot in covering the country between one hurdle and another; but there are plenty of hurdles and good spirited action in getting over them.

The author has three generations of people to do her bidding—or shall we say that she is there to do the

bidding of three generations of people?—and though steel is the hub, this big congregation radiates its spokes into all sorts and conditions of life: the law and banking; Hollywood and the theatre; the leisured ease of "society" and the arduous days of the struggling and unfortunate.

### A LARGE CANVAS

The canvas, though broad, is coherent and integrated, with Martin Lyndendaal dominating the picture, gigantic in body and substantial enough in personality. It all makes a novel for long and leisurely reading, and one which, I should think, most readers would find rewarding.

\*\*\*

Mr. Bernard Darwin's book *Pack Clouds Away* (Collins, 12s. 6d.) is a first-rate piece of conversation. For one thing, it is full of what are called "challenging statements," as good conversation should be, inviting the hearer to chip in and say to the man on the hearthrug: "Yes, that's all very well, but what about—"

For example, here is Mr. Darwin, his pipe going well, thoroughly enjoying himself, smiling blandly as he tosses off this monstrous remark: "Even in *Guy Mannering*, which I take on the whole to be the best book in the world—"

Hey! Hold hard there a moment! We're not letting that go! And I don't for a moment suppose that Mr. Darwin intends that we should. He would like nothing better than to hear what we have to say; what cricket team we should put in to bat against the eleven he is prepared "to stand or fall by." Here is the eleven he backs against all comers: *Pickwick*, *Lavengro*, *Guy Mannering*, *Pendennis*, *The Wrecker*, *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Middlemarch*, *The New Arabian Nights*, *Great Expectations*, and *Hazlitt* because of *The Fight* and *Cavanagh the Fives Player*.

### THINGS ENGLISH

Now let us take the hearthrug and carry on the conversation. What a revealing list! How much of himself Mr. Darwin here gives away! Merely to have read those titles would tell us exactly what to expect in the rest of the book. Such a passion for fiction to the exclusion of all else! Such a passion for English writers: not a look in for a foreigner! Such concentration on the work of the nineteenth century! Such rejection of any book that could by whatever stretch of the imagination be called either highbrow or urban.

And, indeed, this is the man and this is the mind which you will find here in *Pack Clouds Away*. Mr. Darwin seems always to have known what he has liked and to have cultivated those things to the exclusion of all else: England and the English country scene and the English games, the great classic English novels and English food and drink. He speaks without disapproval of someone who called him childish. Childlike, I think, would be a better word. He is prepared like a child to take a great deal for granted and to be unconcerned with those fussy grown-ups whose preoccupations, after all, are what alone makes possible the secure haven

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within which the child floats on a silken tide of dreams.

What makes the childlike mind so perfect a vehicle for a book of this sort is its virginity and freshness of impression. As Mr. Darwin talks on and on of his childhood days, and his school, and the great cricketers and golfers and tennis players he has known, and the food he has eaten and the books he has loved, there is a morning gusto, an engaging candour, a sense that the thing is said just as it came to an unsullied mind, without guile or artifice. He does his thinking with his heart; and, as it happens to be a guileless and a happy heart, the consequence is his guileless and happy book, a treasure in days like these.

\*\*\*

A book called *Mr. Bunting*, by Robert Greenwood, was recently, I understand, a considerable success, and now Mr. Greenwood has cashed in with a second book about his engaging hero: *Mr. Bunting at War* (Dent, 8s.).

For a long time we have all been making a lot of fuss about the "little man," perhaps because we have not had any big ones to engage our attention. Whatever the reason, the "little man" has become a cult, and Mr. Bunting is the little man once more. He managed the ironmongery department of a great London store; he was 60 years old: "a middle-aged unheroic Englishman in a bowler hat and worn blue suit, carrying a featherette attaché case and a rumpled umbrella." He had "a modest enough opinion of his brain power, and even of his courage. But he had a tremendous belief in his ability to hang on." He was, again the author tells us, "one of the million little men Hitler failed to understand, his chief emotion a resolute slow anger as of one who marks the tally against a day of retribution."

#### A CREATION

Mr. Bunting had no illusions about a grand new world. He believed that man's "tools, his food, his needs, his joys and sufferings till the world wore out, would be what they now were and had always been."

This is Mr. Bunting, whose fortunes the author follows through several war years, both at home, where he had a wife, two sons and a daughter, and at work in London.

It is the measure of Mr. Greenwood's success that, while everything about Mr. Bunting is calculated to make him a dummy off the stock shelf, he is completely real and individual. He is a four-square character in thought, word and deed, and all the people about him are individuals, too, seen in the round and excellently presented. An especial word should go to Mr. Oskey, the agricultural next-door neighbour—though he is perhaps the only character here to whom a dash of ironic caricature has been applied.

There is no need to say what happened to Mr. Bunting. It was, alas! Everyman's experience in most particulars, and I am content to leave the revelation to Mr. Greenwood who has stepped into the ranks of the novelists enviably armed from top to toe.

\*\*\*

Mr. Beverley Nichols's new book *Men Do Not Weep* (Cape, 7s. 6d.) consists of a long foreword and nine stories. For myself, I found the foreword alone interesting. It is concerned with a story which might have been written, but wasn't, called *Death of a Pacifist*. In short, it is Mr. Nichols's apologia for his years of pacifist work.

Though an apologia, it is not an apology; and indeed it need not be, for an honest endeavour to bring sanity to the world is something that does not call for a blush. What was

wrong with his approach to the matter, says Mr. Nichols, was that it was based on emotion. "War is a cancer, and you cannot perform a successful operation for cancer if your eyes are blurred by sympathy with the patient."

There is one thing in the book fascinating beyond all that the author has himself written. That is, part of a letter addressed by Sir Oswald Mosley to Mr. Nichols, in reply to a protest against an anti-Semitic article in Mosley's paper *Action*. I need quote only one phrase: "I will at least to the utmost of my power reduce to the minimum the pain that accompanies all supreme creation."

What a glimpse of megalomaniac depths! What a brimstone whiff of a pit full of self-satisfied devils! Mr. Nichols was indeed at one point of his career pretty near to reality, and it is to his credit that he recognised it for what it was.

## INDIA TO-DAY

A Review by CORNELIA SORABJI

A BOOK to read closely, apt in publication and happy in collaboration, is *India and Democracy*, by Sir George Schuster and Guy Wint (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.). Mr. Wint has done good service in his summary of pre-British history, and has made wise use of his visit to India. His handicap has been the inaccessibility of the Orthodox Hindu Zenana, and the vernacular-speaking, pink-robed ascetic. For it was from such contacts alone that he could have learned much that it is imperative to understand for a right appraisal of the political garment to be woven for India. Part II is packed with matter, by Sir George, so admirably that one is the sadder that a great opportunity has been missed in its presentment. The main object of the book is to re-start the Congress self-governing engine. Congress v. British Government—a clear issue, but nowhere clearly stated.

One party to the "contract" of 1935 has downed tools, after part performance—his reasons, "suspensions" as to the future. The book suggests more concessions to resolve suspicion. That method has been proved wrong. You want changed men before changed conditions can be of any avail. And as for "planning" before these dumps of suspicion are cleared, it is as if we should begin to re-build London on the debris in street and crater. A bold statement is needed of how each side has fulfilled its obligations so far. Naked fact exposed to world opinion has more chance of success than "sympathy" in circumstances where the best that is in a man should be demanded.

#### GAMEKEEPER'S STORY

FEW persons see more of the countryside and of wild life than that man with a gun whom we call the gamekeeper. Mr. Dugald Macintyre not only had the opportunity but he had the eyes and brains to appreciate all he saw, plus a ready pen with which to record his observations of men and beasts, of birds and places, in *Highland Gamekeeper* (Seeley Service, 12s. 6d.). His father was also a gamekeeper and he was, so to speak, born with a gun in his hand, though he first went shooting with a bow and arrows and nearly killed his mother's duck. In *Highland Gamekeeper* he tells the story of his life, from boyhood on the Mull of Kintyre, through days of gamekeeping, shooting and fishing, through war experiences to Adventure into Journalism, and he has many an interesting story to tell by the way. With regard to Mr. Macintyre's observations of birds, his work on the curlew has long been known, including his researches into this bird's curious habit of periodically ejecting its gizzard-lining together with such grit as the gizzard may contain. In short, the naturalist, the shooting man, the fisherman and lovers of the open air will find a mine of interest in this excellent book. F.P.



Dear me!  
Father Xmas not coming?

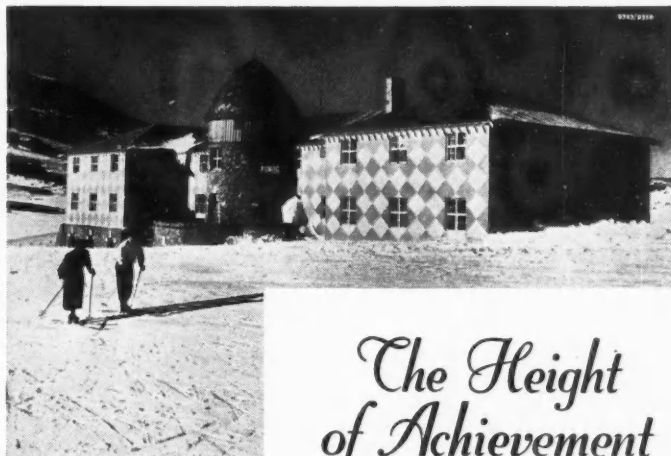
He must, of course! War or no war the children will expect him. Old and needy folk will be anxious about their Christmas, too.

Every year The Salvation Army spreads Christmas cheer where distress is deepest. This year there is so much to do—and so little money with which to do it. Will you co-operate in giving some poor child, some needy man or woman a happier Christmas? You will? Thank you!



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By

**P. JOYCE REYNOLDS**

tweeds. Two neutrals or two Shetland browns may join forces in a herringbone, basket or shepherd's check tweed, or two colours of similar intensity may amalgamate so that the general effect is shot. That is all the colour mixing that is done in the latest collections. The dog-tooth check in two or three browns, or in three tones of one brighter colour, such as yellow shading to almost a tan, green, or red, is striking and good to carry one through several seasons. Corbie Lynn shows a beautiful three-toned check, so do the Crofters' Agency and Otterburn Tweeds. Plain Harris and Shetlands are newest in the tones of autumn leaves, bronze or copper.

Fur-trimmed coats show the same tendency to a monotone. Brown tweed coats are bordered with baby seal, black cloth coats have breast-plates of black sealskin, Persian lamb collars a host of black coats, for Persian lamb is the big fur seller of the winter, and coats entirely of black Persian lamb are right back in the forefront of fashion, worn over dead black jersey frocks, lit by beautiful jewellery. These town coats are moulded to the figure, sleek about the hips, often have big sleeves, and a generally wrapped-around-

**T**HERE is a new attitude towards colour creeping into fashion. The rainbow checked tweeds are still good, but are gradually being superseded in town by clothes that are one unbroken colour from top to toe. The London mid-season collections of this winter all show clothes in one tone. This look of being encased accentuates the slim, long line of the silhouette, and it is carried on still further by draped turbans that cover the hair completely and continue the theme. If you are buying a new coat or suit, keep to one solid colour, wear it as one colour, then vary it by adding contrasting accessories from last year's wardrobe. You will find this a safe war-time economy, for a one-colour outfit is the easiest to ring the changes with, and you will have to get variety into your wardrobe mostly by accessories next year.

Town dresses and coats in the mid-season collections are more often than not unrelieved black, beltless, soft-shouldered, that is with the padding omitted or reduced to the bare minimum. Dagger darts, inlet belts, seamed sections fitted together like a jig-saw puzzle, all mould the clothes sleekly to the hips. Taking the collections as a whole, there is a marked absence of blue. Blue is generally the best selling colour in England, and is always popular, but all the designers tell me that blue has lost its proud place at the top, and has given way to purples with a lot of blue in them, reds with a lot of blue in them but reds for all that, russet browns, greens, old gold, mustard and tan. Suits in these colours come in Shetland frieze, many of them self herringbones, in Harris tweeds, in plain Cheviot



★ Both the Jaeger woollen dress and the caped Cheviot tweed suit are in one solid colour.

★ The hood to the cape also makes a cowl collar. Shoulders are padded to give a chunky look.

★ Underneath is a mess jacket in the same russet brown as the cape, and a skirt with godets in the front.

★ The tailored wool dress is entirely russet brown, green, violet, pastel blue or pink.

★ Sleeves are like a shirt; four large pockets are rounded at the bottom and button at the top.

★ At the back, fullness pouches slightly over the belt. The Joyce shoes are nigger suede with a nut brown wedge.





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the-figure look. Town tweed coats in the new collections are beltless and fitted to the figure by clever seaming and have large inlet pockets just below the waist and soft rounded revers. They are mostly in herring-bone and basket tweeds with a shot effect achieved by two colours mixed in equal proportions. Bianca Mosca has two superb coats, one deep blue and purple flecked, the other crimson flecked with black. Both have rounded collars over wide revers reminiscent of a Regency dandy's driving coat.

Casual coats hang straight from the shoulders and are smart in the clipped alpacas that have a bloom on the surface, in frosted clipped woollens, llama cloths, or camel-hair. The best colours are camel-hair beige, crimson, rust red.

The newest storm coat of all is at Goringes, entirely reversible, llama cloth one way and proofed tropical mercerised cotton the other. It is warm, waterproof and wind-proof, and comes in two good shapes, one belted and well padded about the shoulders, the other straight with raglan sleeves. It costs 11½ guineas. The waterproof side is made in a material used for tropical raincoats, is soft, light and comfortable to wear as a lining; absolutely stormproof when worn outside.

Another good coupon-saving idea is the corduroy frock which one can get for seven coupons. Cresta do a charming tailored corduroy frock with a turn-down collar like a boy's, and then add a peplum which transforms it into a suit that can be worn with a fur in the first spring days. You can buy this combined suit-dress for seven coupons in lovely colours such as sulphur yellow, as well as the more ordinary corduroy colours such as russet brown and green.

Woollen dresses, for wearing under fur coats, are shown in plain



A suit in a Shetland frieze with a frosted surface, tucked in vertical sections round the skirt and jacket. Check revers in the same shade are matched by a check tam-o-shanter with a big pom-pom of wool. Digby Morton. The pig-skin handbag is from John Pound.

fine jersey and woollens, tailored like a shirt at the top. Gossamer woollens have full dirndl skirts and folded cross-over bodices, like the charming ones at Cresta, some of which are in one solid colour, some printed in traditional Paisley designs, in soft blurred colours. Other fine woollens have minute brilliant flowers dotted on a contrasting coloured ground, cherry on blue or lime yellow on sage green. Fullness in the front of the skirts of dresses is set between two vertical pockets as a panel. Fullness on the tops is often draped diagonally.

The tailored shoulder, that gives a subtle built-up look without any hint of eccentricity, is superbly managed by Huntsman, who have adapted their famous technique with the sleeves of hacking jackets for their tailored suits. They put slight padding in the front of the sleeves only, and it gives a slightly squared line to the shoulder that is easy to wear and extremely smart. Their suits are built on the figure, and they tell me it takes a year to train a man properly to get this padding in just the right place. Their country suits have a slightly shorter jacket than last season. Town suits in smooth cloths are braided; some have wide velvet revers braided.

Bradley's winter collection of suits contains a superb series of black suits, some braided, some with velvet revers, some with Persian lamb or seal collars and pockets. Skirts are simple, blouses in cheerful wools and silks, all either cut like a shirt or draped to match a draped turban.




Above. The perfect shoe for wearing with a tailored frock or a town-and-country suit, Joyce's pigskin treated to look like suède. This comes in beige with a kid wedge in the same colour. The leather is cleaned in the same way as suède.



Left. Handbags get larger. These two from John Pound show the portmanteau type in a Kynoch woollen plaid on a pigskin base: and a week-end bag that carries all beauty preparations, night things, a torch, book and knitting, and opens flat.






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